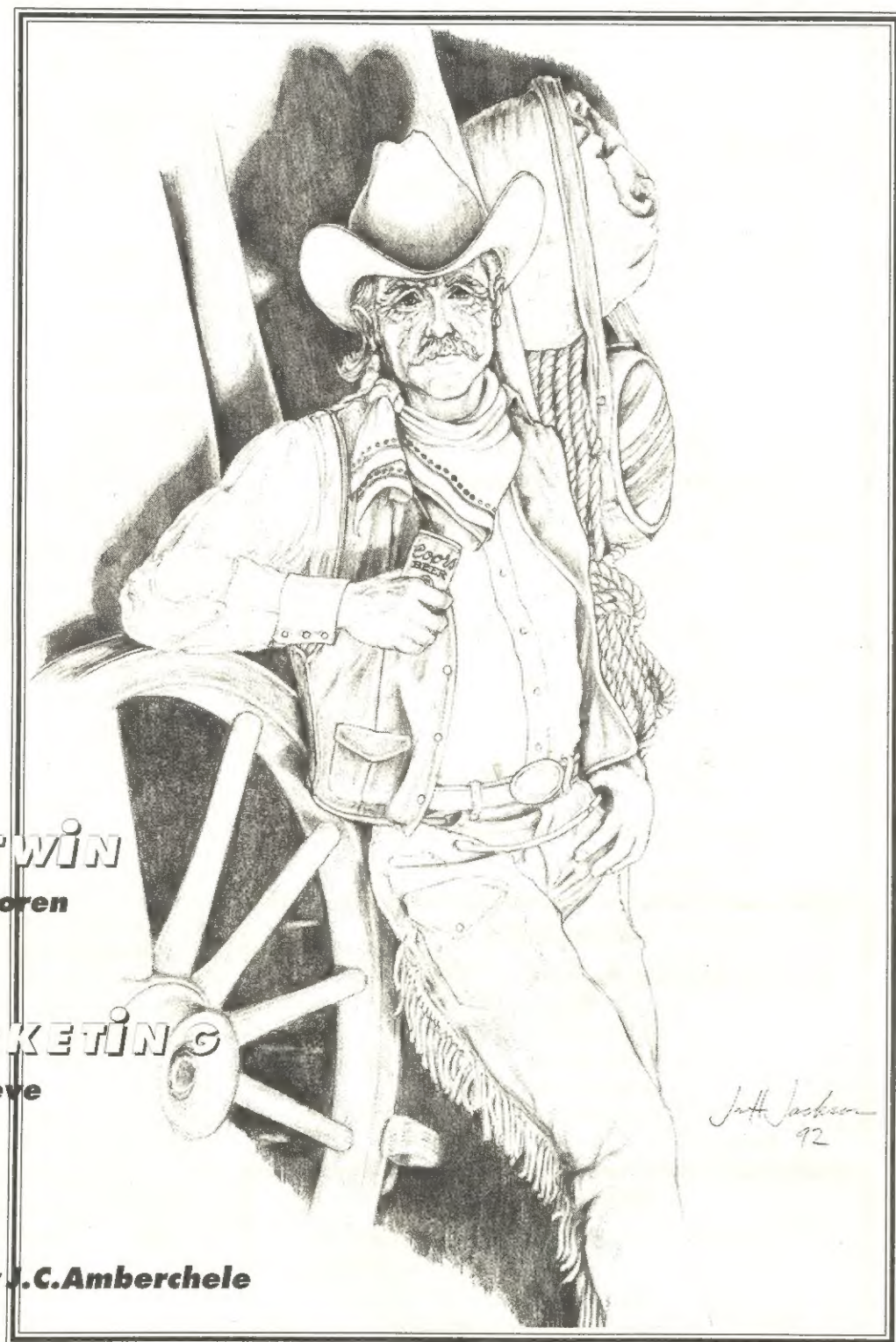


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Vol. 5
No. 10-11

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SouthPoint Magazine



BRUCE CHATWIN

personality sketch by Boren

U Ci's MARKETING

industries survey by Steve

THE RIDE

prize winning fiction by J.C. Amberchele

SouthPoint magazine

FEBRUARY/MARCH 1993, VOLUME V—NUMBERS 10/11

Graphics by Doug Bishop

WHAT CAN I TELL YOU? Budgetary problems in upper elevations force this magazine to a bimonthly publication schedule; the heavy state printing load carried by the Print Shop contributes its share. As Nineteen Ninety-two fades into the background, we can look back

on unpleasant changes incorporated into our lifestyle; the backward glance gives us hope for a better year in Nineteen Ninety-three. After all, we can handle anything, right?

With all the restrictions on smoking, there has never been a better time to quit. Your lungs will thank you. To help you over the hurdle, nicotine patches are available through the USP Medical Department. They charged me \$86.86 for the prescription, but I'll save forty-plus dollars a month on commissary purchases.

Kerry Boren introduces us to his writer friend, Bruce Chatwin, who died recently of complications surrounding AIDS. Like most of us, Kerry felt insulated from the threat of the deadly virus; the disease was a problem for those with a different lifestyle. The virus, however, is unaware of our insulation and continues its relentless, remorseless search for food and shelter.

Steve takes us on a trip through UCI's marketing arm in his fourth of a continuing series on prison industries. He also acquaints us with Grant and Sue Haroldsen, full time volunteers who, with the help of Ralph and Vida Weatherston, run the genealogy program here in Draper. Steve will talk to Ralph and Vida in our next issue. He also made a trip to the Southpoint's libraries and brings us up to date on their particular set of woes. The bottom line is: Return those books!

February/March includes "The Ride" by J.C. Amberchele, a short story about a brief encounter with Jack Nicholson in a snow-bound Gunnison, Colorado. J.C.'s fiction earned him a first prize in the Pen Writing Awards for Prisoners. The issue also includes San Quentin Stephen W. Anderson's "Conversations with the Dead," the first-prize winner in poetry.

Included in this month's poetry are submissions from the Uintas. Be sure to read "Her Mind" by Darrell Pagan. It doesn't get any better than this.

Suffering from shortness of breath? Upper jaw toothaches? Blurred vision or anxiety? Check out Bret Etterlein's second accupressure installment covering the first eight points of Tao Teh Ching and put your fingers to work.

Leaving sports coverage for a moment, Russ Hoffmann introduces us to "It's Worth It to Increase Your Verbal Strength," his version of *WordPower*. You'll learn the meaning of, and how to pronounce, a word like mitigating, a skill that may be helpful during your board hearing.

Craig Leavitt, our new Oquirrh correspondent, joins the magazine's staff and contributes his interpretation of the commissary list. Craig arranged the products into meaningful groups and compressed the results on one page. With the help of your reading glasses the list promises to make prison shopping easier.

The SouthPoint magazine accepts work from prison and other sources, and reserves the right to edit material. The magazine is neutral politically. Its purpose is to give inmates information about activities, to entertain, and to encourage awareness of principles that will help them to be productive, happy, and fulfilled. The opinions are those of the writers; they do not necessarily reflect those of the editor, nor the D.O.C.

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BRUCE CHATWIN

KERRY BOREN SAYS GOODBYE TO HIS BRIT FRIEND

HE HAS BEEN CALLED the greatest novelist since Hemingway and the foremost travel writer of modern times. The American novelist John Updike has described his style as “a clipped lapidary prose that compresses worlds into pages.” It is no exaggeration; there were worlds within Bruce Chatwin.

Bruce was a friend of mine. Probably no other person I have ever known had a more profound effect upon my career as a writer or upon me personally. Certainly I am not alone in this. The novelist Andrew Harvey noted in a *New York Times* review of Bruce’s last travel book, *The Songlines* (1987), “Nearly every writer of my generation in England has wanted, at some point, to be Bruce Chatwin, wanted to be talked about, as he is, with raucous envy; wanted, above all, to have written his books.”

Bruce Charles Chatwin was born on May 13, 1940, in Sheffield, Yorkshire, England, the son of Charles Leslie and Margarita (Turnell) Chatwin. The Chatwins trace their lineage to a Birmingham button-maker, but in time they arose in status to become what he termed “Birmingham worthies,” firmly established in the professions of architecture and the law. Between the button-maker and the worthies were, in his words, “a number of legendary figures whose histories inflamed

[his] imagination.” One of these was a seafarer, Charles Milward, Bruce’s grandmother’s cousin, a sea captain who sent home from Patagonia a piece of giant sloth’s skin that he had found preserved in a cave. His grandmother kept the “piece of brontosaurus” in her curio cabinet and it became the center of his “childhood bestiary,” and finding the cave from which it came would become the goal of a “ridiculous journey” to Patagonia which eventually sparked his career as a writer.

During World War II Bruce’s father, a lawyer in civilian life, served on a minesweeper in Cardiff Harbor, leaving Bruce and his mother to move often, staying with relatives and friends at various places throughout Britain, including Stratford-upon-Avon, where he developed a precocious love for Shakespearian theater. When at last they found a house of their own in Birmingham, Bruce missed the moving and travel, and he “grew sick and thin” with “a case of what Baudelaire called ‘la grande maladie: horreur de domicile.’”

The most outstanding memories of Bruce’s childhood were the time his father took him and his brother on their first trip into the black hills of Wales—where they slept overnight in the family car by a mountain stream—and voyages to Brittany and Spain in the family sloop *Sunquest*, an eighteen-ton Bermudian vessel built for navigating the high seas. When the threat

of the H-bomb hit Britain, Bruce’s “life plan” was “to sail away to a South Sea island and never come back.”

His favorite book in early youth was Joshua Slocum’s *Sailing Alone Around the World*. Subsequently he devoured the sea adventure works of John C. Voss, Herman Melville, Richard Henry Dana, and Jack London. He never liked Jules Verne because to Bruce “the real was always more fantastic than the fantastical.” With his family he toured Italy, Greece, and the Middle East, and during the summer of his fourteenth year he traveled alone to Sweden as the guest of a family who wanted their son to practice conversing in English. Later in adolescence he was hospitalized with partial paralysis of the optic nerve, which he described as “a psychosomatic condition.”

Bruce was educated in exclusive private schools. At boarding school he was “an addict of atlases,” was “always being ostracized for telling tall stories,” and was unhappy at being forced to act like “a little Conservative.” He later recalled, “I never understood—then as now—the motivations of the English class system. . . . Never, even in my capitalist phase, was I able to vote Conservative.”

At Marlborough College in Wiltshire he was “considered to be a dimwit and a dreamer,” partly because of his poor performance in Latin and Greek. But he fell in love with “everything French—painting,

furniture, poetry, history, food—and, of course . . . was haunted by the career of Paul Gauguin.” Although his best subject was English, he did not yet fancy himself a writer, even though at the age of six he had attempted to write a book.

Bruce’s parents gently but firmly discouraged his ambition to become an actor, and he refused to follow family tradition and study for architecture because he was “innumerate” and realized he ~~probably could not pass the examinations~~. Finally realizing that his talents were “obviously visual,” he accepted the position of porter at Sotheby & Company, the London art auction house in 1959. With extraordinary speed he advanced at Sotheby’s to art auctioneer and then to director of the impressionism department. “I was an instant expert,” he recalled, “flying here and there to pronounce, with unbelievable arrogance, on the value or authenticity of works of art.” At twenty-six he gave up his job at Sotheby’s because, he said, he was going blind from too much art. An ophthalmologist assured him that nothing was organically wrong but suggested that he might stop looking so closely at paintings and turn his attention to “horizons.”

Turning to an interest in archeology, Bruce matriculated at the University of Edinburgh, where he was enrolled for several years, paying his tuition and supporting himself by selling off, piece by piece, his personal art collection. He did field work in Afghanistan and Africa, where, in particular, he developed an interest in nomads and their detachment from personal possessions that is a recurring theme in his books. Bruce never had much regard for personal possessions or material things. “I got into the same trap with archeology that I had in the art world, because of its reliance on things,” he explained. “In the Cairo museum I saw all these masks of the Pharaohs, row on row. I asked myself, Where are the masks of Moses? I started liking people who had no garbage to leave. I wanted to find the other side of the coin.”

He would not have considered being a nomadic writer as a career so much as a way of life, and he had hoped his greatest work would be about nomads. He collected a mass of relevant notes, “mammoth, unpublishable,” that eventually became part of his work on Australian aborigines, *The Songlines*.

In 1973 when Bruce was virtually penniless, Francis Wyndham, editor of the London *Sunday Times Magazine*, hired him as an adviser on art and architecture. His association with the magazine brought out what he called his “storytelling impulse,” and he traveled on international assignments, writing on such subjects as Algerian migrant workers and the Great Wall of China. He interviewed such diverse people as André Malraux in France and ~~Nadezhda Mandel'shtam~~ in the Soviet Union.

Bruce’s most fateful assignment was an interview with the ninety-three-year old architect and designer Eileen Gray, which led to his first published book. In her Paris salon Miss Gray had hung a map of Patagonia which she had painted. “I’ve always wanted to go there,” Bruce told her. “So have I,” she replied. “Go there for me.” He set out almost immediately for South America, and when he got there severed himself from the newspaper with a cable: “Have gone to Patagonia.”

He spent six months in Patagonia, a region at South America’s southern tip that includes parts of Chile and Argentina, finding the cave where the piece of sloth artifact originated and gathering the material for his first book, *In Patagonia* (Jonathan Cape, Ltd., 1977). It was at this time, just prior to his Patagonian journey, that I first met Bruce Chatwin, then a relatively unknown writer.

During 1974 I founded the National Outlaw-Lawman Association (NOLA) with headquarters at Utah State University.

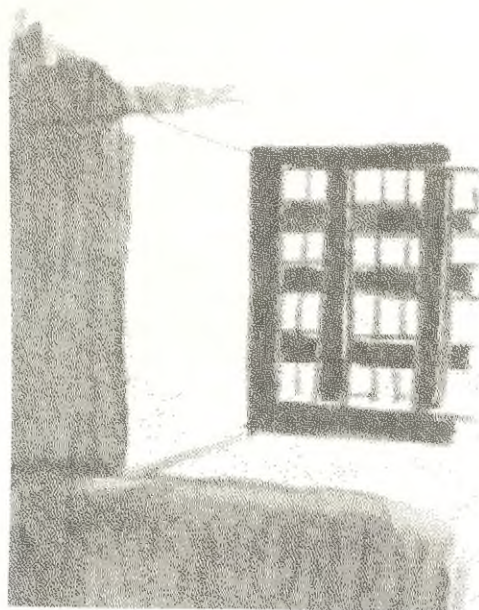
Not long afterward I was employed by the National Geographic Society to accompany Robert Redford on an excursion along the old Outlaw Trail from Canada to Mexico as logistics coordinator and historical consultant for an article that eventually appeared in *National Geographic* in November 1976.

Bruce had somehow picked up on my reputation as an authority on outlaw history—perhaps through a series of articles about me featured in the *Chicago Tribune* and carried by the wire services—and tracked me down at Manila, Utah, where I was visiting at the home of my parents. Our first contact was by telephone during the summer of 1975. Bruce was then in New York City preparing to come West by bus—he wanted to be close to the people and besides was traveling on a restricted budget—and promised to come visit me “at some point in the near future.” He had taken it naturally for granted that I wanted to meet with him and would hang around until he arrived. Of course I did. Several weeks later the phone rang again: “I’m here,” he announced.

I first saw Bruce chatwin sitting on the foot of a bed in his room at the Flaming Gorge Motel, an L-shaped mobilehome unit erected hastily to capitalize on the tourist trade of the new recreation area created by the construction of Flaming Gorge Dam on the Green River. He sat on the bed, surrounded by books and numerous yellow legal pads upon which he kept his notes, unpacking a back-pack, the door of his room wide open “to enjoy the wonderful mountain air.”

He was not overly tall, but he had ruddy good looks with tousled blond hair, rosy cheeks, and the bluest eyes I had ever seen. He was pleasant to talk to, articulate, and well versed in the subjects of his interest. We became instant friends and got along famously.

I discovered that Bruce had walked the nearly sixty miles from the bus depot at Green River, Wyoming, across the Wyoming border to Manila, situated just across the Utah border. When I asked him why he did not call me to come pick him up, I expected him to labor some excuse to the effect that he didn’t wish to impose; instead he said, “I wanted to experience the solitude of the badlands, as Butch



Cassidy must have known them." "After I came to know Bruce better, I realized that his explanation, to him, was the most natural thing in the world. Later, for six months, he would walk the full length of Patagonia.

He had come to Utah to learn as much about Butch Cassidy as he could in order to trace his movements in South America, where he had fled in 1901 to elude the law. Bruce was aware that Cassidy's sister, Lula Parker Betenson, was a long-time friend of mine, and he was anxious for an introduction. But first we spent a few days touring some of Butch's old haunts around northeastern Utah, including branches of the Outlaw Trail and Brown's Park, the infamous outlaw stronghold from near the turn of the present century.

We came to know each other very well during our travels together, and I shall never forget those occasions when we unrolled our bedrolls beneath the stars on the river's edge and talked until the early hours of the morning. We discovered that we had a great deal in common. We were quite near the same age; we had both attempted to write a book near six years of age; we had both studied and shared an abiding interest in archeology; we were both collectors of artifacts; and most of all, we shared a passion for writing.

I believe, in retrospect, the basis of our friendship was a mutual respect for writing—that is to say, the methods and styles of writing as much as subject matter. We disagreed on some things, agreed on most, but whenever we disagreed it led to stimulating discussion. He wasn't an English writer, he insisted; he liked the American writers—Hemingway, Steinbeck (Bruce was envious that I was briefly acquainted with John)—while I maintained that English, and even more so Irish, writers were superior. He seldom gave reasons for his views, saying only, when such names as Dickens, Eliot, and Shaw were given, "Oh! No, no."

Personal talk wasn't as interesting to Bruce as literary discussion, and he seldom talked about himself. Whenever he did he was a craftsman at subtlety and a master of subterfuge, always managing to bring the topic around to some place he had seen, or some interesting person he had met. He acted out with elastic facial expressions the stories he told, and when he had finished, he looked totally stunned, as if in the telling it was the first time he had heard it. If he became really excited about something,

his blue eyes would open wide, he would literally bounce with enthusiasm, his voice would become shrill, he would laugh heartily, and continue telling his story, talking in a squeal. But his stories were always interesting and often fascinating. The following exemplifies his anecdotes and was one of my favorites.

He made frequent visits to Stephan Tennant at his house in the English countryside. Tennant was an eccentric who, at some point in his life, decided to spend the rest of it in bed, putting on makeup in the morning and playing with his dolls all day. One day as Bruce sat at his bedside Tennant said, "Brucie, I've heard that you're married." Bruce said yes, he was. "I don't think we like married men visiting us," Tennant said, and that was Bruce's last visit.

He could, and frequently did, speak for hours about visiting André Malraux, Indira Gandhi, or Konrad Lorenz, and he seemed surprised that I, a simple outlaw history adherent, knew about these people in some detail. It offended him a little, I think.

Bruce always gave the impression that he knew everything and made an effort to convince you that your original ideas were thought of by him long before; except, once in a while, he would get excited when you told him something he didn't know and really wanted to learn. It was that way when he learned that for many years I had studied anthropological migrations in the context of genealogical origins and had long contemplated compiling and publishing a voluminous work on the origin of names. This paralleled his own aspirations to write the history of nomads, and once he learned this about me he would allow me to talk of nothing else for days. His extemporaneous queries about my knowledge of migrations kept me agilely involved in supplying not just answers, but very learned ones, for I found myself really wanting to impress him. One thing Bruce did was bring out the best in me. Ultimately I impressed myself.

I don't make friends easily; I don't genuinely like people; few impress me—but I liked Bruce Chatwin genuinely. I was impressed by him greatly, and I knew he was my friend almost instantly. Comfortably, I talked with him about topics I never dared mention to others: religion, secret societies, golems and alchemy, races, and divine right of monarchs. When I

realized there was not a single topic he was not versed in, I almost became convinced that maybe he *did* know everything.

I published my first book *Footprints in the Wilderness* in 1970, a full seven years before Bruce's first book appeared. I gave him a copy and autographed it at his insistence with "To Bruce Chatwin—A fellow traveler on old trails." He said that English writers often spelled "traveler" with two "L"s. That was Bruce. Nevertheless, I was flattered by his interest.

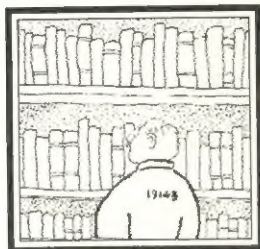
As I drove him the more than five hundred miles south to visit Butch Cassidy's sister at Centerville, Utah, Bruce casually sprawled out in the passenger's seat, kicked his shoes off, crossed his legs on the dashboard, and read my book, asking myriads of questions.

Which brings us to another Chatwinian trait: Bruce was totally at ease, whether at a formal dinner party or hobnobbing with natives of some foreign land. In fact he appeared to have a total lack of self-consciousness that, as his friend David Plante put it, "allowed him to do in public what people only do in private, as if no one around him could be aware that he, in the middle of a dinner party, was probing his bare chest."

Bruce got along famously with Butch's sister Lula, a dainty but still beautiful octogenarian. He was a natural charmer, convincing Lula to let him take her picture outside beneath an elm tree because "only the light of the sun would be sufficient to illuminate such a radiant and lovely face." She accompanied us to the old family homestead a few miles south of town near the Sevier River, to the still standing original family log house where Butch was raised. Bruce took numerous photos and afterward went for a quiet conversational walk with Lula, while I discreetly sat on a pole fence and allowed them to get acquainted.

After saying farewells to Lula at Circleville, Bruce insisted that he could catch a bus to continue his journey south, but I prodded him to let me drive him at least as far as St. George, near the Arizona-Nevada border. I told him I could point out some historic sites he would otherwise miss along the way. This was true, but it was not my true motive for making the offer. I was reluctant to lose his company. Finally he accepted, citing his tight travel budget and admitting that it would save him some funds.

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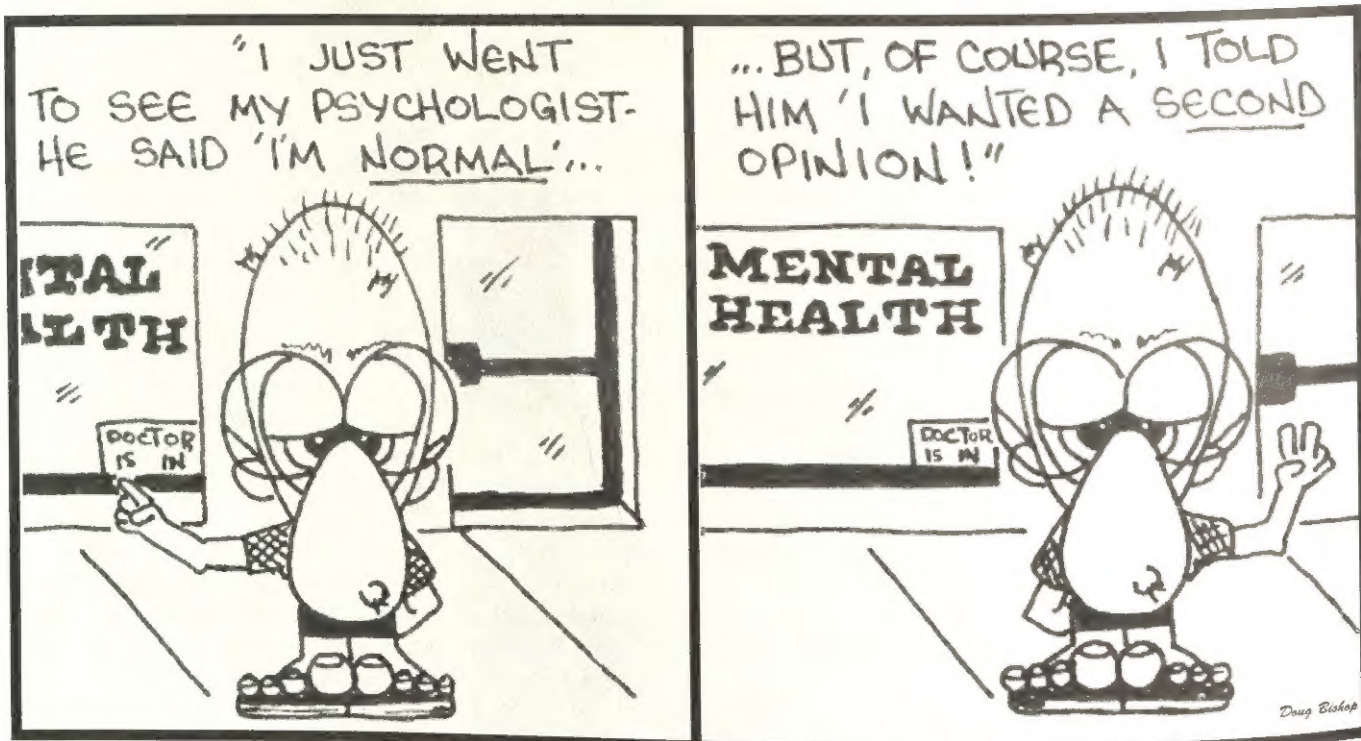
PRISON HUMOR

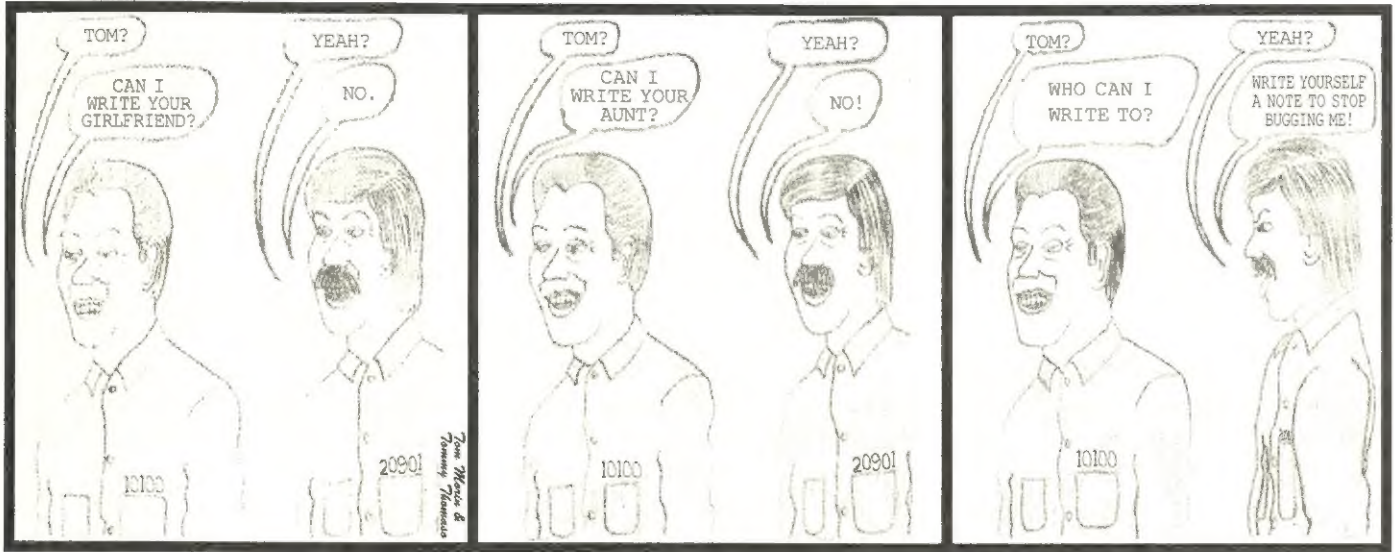
EDITED BY

TOMMY THOMASO



"What do you mean I didn't spell your name right?"





"Now, Harold, don't you worry about a thing. The gold mine is a sure thing. Anyway, your savings account was just sitting there collecting dust."



"Sure, you've got a choice! The top bunk or the floor!"

ANYWAY," DWIGHT SAYS, "I'M hitchhiking in this blizzard on highway fifty. I don't know where I am. I'm near Gunnison, I think, and the temperature's dropping and the wind's blowing and just as I'm sure I'll freeze, along comes this guy in a junkyard Buick. Man, I'm so happy I cry when he stops. I mean, it must be five below and this is the first car I've seen in an hour!

"So I'm shivering all over and yanking at the door handle and telling this guy, 'Mister, you are HEAV-EN-SENT,' when

Toni sheds her parka. "Oh?" she says, digging in the bag. She removes a six-pack of beer, cans of tuna, a loaf of bread. This is what she went out for, beer and tuna, apparently Dwight's favorite food. When Dwight showed up a half-hour ago she took his jacket and told him to sit, as if he were a neighbor and she saw him every day. Then she went to the store.

Jarrold fetches a beer for Dwight. He rarely drinks beer in the winter, but it looks good so he opens one for himself. Besides, this is a special occasion: Jarrold has heard about Dwight but hasn't met him before—

"Really," Toni replies, deadpan.

"So where'd he drop you off?" Jarrold calls from the kitchen. He holds out Dwight's beer—he wants Dwight in the kitchen so Toni can hear the rest of this story. "You make it to Gunnison?"

Dwight gets off the couch and pulls his wool shirt out of his jeans. He shuffles through the doorway and stands next to Toni, and Jarrold can't imagine them ever having been together—Toni is tall and lithe, with lightly freckled, almost fragile-looking skin, long red hair and bright blue eyes. Dwight, however, is chunky and wide.

the RIDE

prize winning prison fiction by J.C. Amberchele

I see there's something weird about this car. Like there's no difference between the inside and the outside. I mean, there's snow two feet deep on the front seat, and this guy looks like the Abominable One himself, wearing goggles and a ski mask, ice all over him. I can't believe it, there's no glass in this bomb, no windshield even! . . ."

Toni opens the front door. She kicks snow off her boots and steps into the hall with a paper sack at her chest. Jarrold gets up to help, but she marches past him and into the kitchen.

"Toni," he says, "you'll never guess what happened to Dwight on the way up here."

Dwight was Toni's first lover, although Toni never said that exactly. But she and Dwight were a number in high school and then on and off for a decade after that until she married Robert, her current ex-husband. Just last week she happened to mention to Jarrold one night before they went to bed that there had been only three men in her life—Dwight, Robert her ex-husband, and of course Jarrold. So this is a special occasion, although Jarrold isn't sure if it especially good or especially bad. He offers Toni a beer, but she declines. He tells her about Dwight's ride on Route 50 this morning, the blizzard that somehow missed Crested Butte, the car with no windows.

His pocked and weathered face, framed by a dark, bushy beard, seems too small for his head, and he has a tendency to hunch his shoulders and sway as he walks, like a bear.

"Yeah we made it to Gunnison," Dwight says. "Some ride, though. Me, I'm down on the floor because the heater's on. But the radio's blasting, too, country-western, and I don't know which is worse, the cold or the music. Finally we slow down, so I get up to see where we are. All this time the guy hasn't said a word, but now he wipes snow off his mask-hole and asks where I'm going. 'Crested Butte,' I tell him, 'north of here thirty miles.' I figure he's heading

west on Route Fifty and this is where I get off, downtown Gunnison. Which is fine with me because I got to get warm in a gas station or a store or somewhere with windows.

"But the guy keeps going. I'm about to say something, when all of a sudden he pulls to the curb and stops in front of a bank. 'I'll run you up there,' he tells me—like Crested Butte is on the way, like thirty miles in this storm is nothing. Then he reaches under his chin and pulls his ski mask off, goggles and all. It's Jack Nicholson. I can't believe it, but there he is, Jack Nicholson, wispy hair flying back from the wings of his big forehead, smiling that what-do-you-think-of-that! smile of his. He chuckles, heh heh. He drops the mask on the seat. And then, in slow motion, he makes a gun out of his hand, screws up his face in a one-eyed squint, and takes aim at the building. 'But first,' he croaks, 'I gotta go rob this bank.'"

Toni hands Dwight a plate. On it is a tuna sandwich, a small salad, some chips. Dwight takes a long pull on his beer. Jarrold is waiting for Toni's reaction, but already she is back at the counter, hands whirling in the sink as if Dwight's headline story were everyday news. Suddenly Jarrold feels foolish: This must be a joke, he thinks—the punch line is about to fall. But then he is not so sure: Toni is acting strangely, and there is nothing in Dwight's bearing to suggest he is joking. It dawns on Jarrold that Dwight is some sort of misfit—a registered liar maybe, a freak hallucinating on drugs—which makes him a little angry: at Dwight, at Toni, or maybe at both of them. If Dwight's wacko, why didn't Toni warn him? Why didn't she interrupt or at least pass him a clue? At the moment Jarrold sees no way out—Dwight is eyeing him, sandwich in one hand and beer in the other.

"So . . . this fellow who looked like Jack Nicholson," Jarrold says. "Did he, in fact, rob the bank?"

Dwight smiles. He puts his beer on the table and takes an enormous bite of the sandwich, at least half of one half; part of it hangs from the corner of his mouth until he stuffs it in with a dirty thumb. He chews for a minute, then makes room in his mouth to speak.

"Hard to figure. If he went in to rob it, why take the mask off, with a face everybody'd recognize?"

Jarrold has no answer for this. Dwight swallows, then reads the label on the beer bottle. Jarrold doesn't know what to say.

Anything he does say, he realizes, will either provoke a confrontation or sound phony and condescending, so he decides to remain quiet. The silence is embarrassing. Dwight pushes chips in his mouth and crunches loudly, until finally Toni dries her hands with a dish towel and asks him if he needs another beer, which he does. She looks at Jarrold and taps her watch. "We have a restaurant to run," she says. Which—and for the rescue Jarrold silently showers her with gratitude—they do.

This restaurant is located at the ski area nearby. Crested Butte—the town itself—is little more than a one-main-street village, once a mining camp high in the Colorado Rockies. But the ski area at Mount Crested Butte is a thriving community in itself, a cluster of woody condos and semi-swanky shops nestled at the base of the mountain. There is the usual assortment of hotels and restaurants, but of the latter, only one that serves live jazz in the cocktail lounge every evening, the one that Toni and Jarrold opened the week before Christmas, less than a month ago.

It is all new to Jarrold, this restaurant, this town, these mountains. A year ago he was still in New York, still reeling from an agonizing divorce. So he flew to Colorado to clear his head, liked what he saw from the top of a ski run and returned to the city long enough to sell what he couldn't carry, moved out here for good. It was crazy, the way he just picked up and left, cut himself off from his friends and his old comfortable habits and, in a sense, threw away the last ten years of his life since college, shocked his father and his uncle and the family brokerage firm he had been groomed for since he could remember. It wasn't easy, changing worlds, pioneering this restaurant with his last dollar. The irony was that his wife had divorced him because she had said he was too sensible, too stuffy, forever bound to his narrow, tedious routine; she said he wasn't even daring enough to get her pregnant. And maybe she was right: It took her leaving to bring him to the edge, and after sinking about as far into a depression as you can go and not call it terminal, he had, miraculously and all in one weekend, untied himself and made this "wild" move to Colorado. He got the idea for the restaurant from the manager of another place in town, a person who had spent nearly half her life working in restaurants; she also happened to live in the

log cabin next to the old Victorian house he had rented. That spring Jarrold bought the building at the ski area, and Toni sold her cabin, moved into the back room of his house. Six months later, before he could hire her to run his classy new cafe with the jazzy bar, she married him.

And so Toni is new to him also. He knows little of her past and she knows little of his. She told him she grew up in Denver where her mother was a hairdresser with an endless supply of boyfriends; it seemed that every time she met a new one they would move to a different neighborhood. Toni's father was gone, and Mother wasn't home much, so of course it was Toni who took care of her brothers, who went shopping and who cooked the meals and who even wrote the checks for the rent. All through high school what she wanted more than anything was to not change houses for a year. And yet at the same time she was attracted to the likes of Dwight, the guy who would never learn the meaning of the word stability. He graduated but immediately hit the road, and years later she finally quit waiting and married Robert, the tennis pro who couldn't keep his racquet out of the bedrooms of his female students. So Toni divorced him and divorced her affinity for wayward men and moved up here to get away, to find a job and buy a place and settle in. And all the while Dwight pounded the highways, occasionally sending a postcard from one or another obscure corner of the world.

It is Saturday. The restaurant will be packed tonight. As usual, Toni is ready before Jarrold is; as he steps out of the shower she is tying her hair in a ponytail, flipping it off the back of her sweater and checking herself in the mirror. He tells her, as he tells her every day, that she looks better than yesterday. Usually this brings a smile or a smart remark, but today she picks at a blemish on her face and curses when it bleeds. "So what is Dwight . . ." Jarrold says, pausing to get the words right for a question he isn't sure he wants to ask. But before he can continue, she shrugs and says, "Dwight's Dwight," then walks around him into the bathroom.

Jarrold hears a cabinet door slam shut downstairs. The heater kicks in, adding a hiss to the thickening silence in the bedroom. Toni walks out and stops at the vanity. She looks at him via the mirror.

Continued on page 33

MANY JOB I NEED A

Finding Employment with a Criminal History

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Conclusion: Reading List

Applications for Positions

JOAN E. FRIEDENBERG AND CURTIS H. Bradley, *Finding a Job in the United States*, 1986, Passport Books, 4255 W. Touhy Ave., Lincolnwood IL 60646—This book was written for people who are new to this country or don't speak English well. However, it has good basic information about application forms and resumes, useful for anyone.

Rose P. Lee, *A Real Job for You; an Employment Guide for Teens*, 1985, Betterway Publications, P.O. Box 219, Crozet VA 22932—Since it is written for teen-age job hunters, this book is very simple and basic. Still, it has some good examples of application forms.

JOBHUNTING

Richard Nelson Bolles, *What Color Is Your Parachute?*, 1989 or most recent, Ten Speed Press, Box 7123, Berkeley CA 94707—This book looks at job hunting from philosophical, psychological, and spiritual perspectives. It is considered a classic for people planning their career.

Richard A. Payne, *How to Get a Better Job Quicker*, 1979, Taplinger Publishing Co., 238 W. 72nd St., New York NY 10023—A good overview of job hunting skills.

U.S. Dept. of Labor, Bureau of Labor Statistics, *Occupational Outlook Handbook*, most recent edition, Superintendent of Documents, Government

Printing Office, Washington, DC 20402-9325—Lists a great variety and number of jobs, describing what the work is like, what training and qualifications are required, potential earnings, how much demand there is for each type of work, and organizations which can give more information. The Dictionary of Occupational Titles, also a government publication, is being revised and is not available at this time. These books are expensive, so look for them in your library.

Ellen J. Wallach and Peter Arnold, *The Job Search Companion; the Organizer for Job*

Seekers, 1984, The Harvard Common Press, 535 Albany St., Boston, MA 02118—Contains examples of forms to help you organize and keep track of your progress in job hunting.

JOB INTERVIEWING

J.I. Biegeleisen, *Make Your Job Interview a Success*, 1987, Arco Books, One Gulf & Western Plaza, New York NY 10023—Title speaks for itself.

H. Anthony Medley, *Sweaty Palms; the Neglected Art of Being Interviewed*, 1984, Ten Speed Press, Box 7123, Berkeley CA 94707—Down-to-earth, realistic, and sometimes humorous advice on how to handle a job interview, with good insight into the psychology. It also covers legal issues and includes a long list of questions interviewers like to ask. An excellent book.

RESUMES

Marian Faux, *The Complete Resume Guide*, 2nd ed., 1988, Arco Books, One Gulf & Western Plaza, New York NY 10023—Gives examples of many types of resumes, along with advice on preparing a resume and writing a cover letter to go with it.

Richard Lathrop, *Who's Hiring Who?* Rev. ed., 1989, Ten Speed Press, Box 7123, Berkeley, CA 94707—Good advice on using resumes in your job search.



"I wonder if I can get work where I don't have to walk too much."

UCi MARKETING

REPORT BY STEVE PEDERSEN

UCi Marketing isn't one of the more prestigious jobs in the prison, nor is it one people talk about much. It is, however, the key to all of UCi's sales, growth, and, when it gets right down to it, survival.

Dan Randall, head of all sales and marketing for UCi, holds his crew of six in high regard, saying they are all very qualified and don't need much managing. "Each man has extensive experience and does his job well; they are very responsible individuals," Dan says. "The crew will have more marketing experience when they leave the prison, and besides sales for UCi, that training is the major factor for them working here.

"Right now UCi has its highest level of open orders in history," added Dan. "Open orders—contracts for work yet to be done—stand at over a million dollars. We have contracts for the Forest Service, and we'll be taking part in building signs that will help the state comply with the Americans with Disabilities Act. We're constantly looking for new services and products to help UCi growth. Right now growth will come, not from building expansion, but going to added shifts."

Dan is a native Utahn living in Bountiful with his wife, Linda, and their six children. He graduated from Weber State with degrees in

Marketing and Business Administration and Management, and has extensive Marketing background working for Amco Tools, and Black & Decker U.S.A. Dan came to UCi three and a half years ago. When he isn't here taking care of UCi he likes to camp, fish, and go snowmobiling. He also likes to sponsor and coach little league football and baseball where two of his sons are old enough to play.

The clerks for Marketing are Ken Birdsong, Larry Julian, Roger LeFever, Ron Cameron, Steve Peterson, and James Ward; they are responsible for all telemarketing, which involves writing orders, customer complaints, taking service requests, researching products for competitive information and researching new products. They sell UCi wares and services from the print shop, furniture shop, and sign shop; milk and dairy products from the dairy, meat processing plant, data entry shop, road crew, asbestos removal crew, and microfilm storage services to all state and government agencies.

Dave Bradshaw and Paul Kirkpatrick are also part of UCi's staff. Dave is the Customer Service Representative and deals with problems in service and installs and repairs UCi products. Paul is a Marketing specialist who deals with all outside customer contacts.



From left to right, the million dollar smiles of the UCi's Marketing crew are Ron Cammans, Larry Julian, Ken Birdsong, Jim Ward, Roger Lefevre, and Steve Petersen.

THE FOUNDATION of acupressure is to use the most natural means of relieving physical stress, mental disharmony, and emotional imbalance. Acupressure is a daily means of preventing many of our ailments. Taking the time, of which we all have plenty, to stop and gain a few moments of needed relaxation is very important in maintaining good mental and physical health.

Beginning with this article we will start with eight of thirty acupressure points. There are hundreds of trigger points on the human body, yet these thirty points should give you a good start.

1. **GB-14** is located on the forehead one finger's width above the eyebrow. If you draw an imaginary line from your pupil straight up you will find a slight crease in the bone that is very sensitive to pressure. This point is to be pressed very gently. The main use of this point is to relax facial tension, blurred or strained vision, and anxiety.
2. **ST-3** is located at the bottom of the cheek in a direct line down from the pupils. Press in an upward direction under the cheekbone, and you will find that this is a highly sensitive point. Use only enough pressure to feel slight discomfort. This point is used in relieving sinus, nasal congestion, facial ticks (spasms), upper jaw toothaches and eye irritation.
3. **ST-13** can be found by feeling the collar bone from the center of the upper chest out to the shoulder. Divide the distance in half and then reach slightly under the collarbone beginning at the first rib. You will find a spot that feels sore upon pressure. You may have to feel around a bit to find it, but, you'll know it when you do. This point is used to assist in free breathing, treatment for bronchial asthma, shortness of breath, and over excitement.

Bret Etterlein's acupressure

Tao Teh Ching the 1st 8 points

4. To find **ST-16** place your finger on the first rib above the nipple then place another finger just above the first. You should be in the space between the 3rd and 4th ribs. This point is somewhat sore upon touch and is used for shortness of breath, heartburn, pectoral tension and soreness, and depression.
5. **LV-14** is easily located. Place your fingers at the bottom of your sternum and trace your inner rib cartilage out to the first large indentation. By pressing upward slightly under the bottom of the ribs you will find point number five. This point, between the 8th and 9th rib junction on the outer cartilage, is used to stimulate the liver and gall bladder, and relieve hiccoughs, snoring, and side aches (from running). Be sure to press up on the bone, not into the abdomen.
6. To find **SP-13** draw an imaginary line up the center of your upper leg until you reach the middle of the groin. Located two fingers width above is point number six. This is a very sensitive area and may feel ticklish or very tender. Apply pressure to this trigger point gently and the defensive nature of this point will disappear quickly. This trigger point is associated with indigestion, cramps, lower intestinal pain, lower abdomen discomfort, and is also a point of relaxation for meditation. Be very careful not use extreme pressure as it is very sensitive and is a nerve that can cause involuntary release of the leg tension; too much pressure and you might find yourself without a leg to stand on.

7. **SP-10**, the number seven trigger point, is on the inside of thigh about three fingers width above the knee. This point is easy to find as it is very sensitive and stimulates strong blood flow in the lower legs, releases tension in the thigh, lower leg, the knee caps, as well as itching on the lower legs and bottoms of the feet.

8. **SP-9** is located on the inside of the lower leg just about two fingers width below the knee. When this point is pressed you will feel something of a slight electrical shock. This point stimulates the knees and relieves lower leg cramp and lower back pain. Use caution with this point; number eight is a very tender trigger point, and too much pressure will cause intense pain. Proper use of this point will help those involved in weight training. It stimulates muscle growth and promotes positive muscle contraction in the lower leg. If you suffer from lower leg pain after a heavy leg routine this point will give some relief. The stimulation will assist you in achieving your goals.

These eight points should get you started on the basics of relaxation and good health. Daily use of these points for up to two minutes per point will help with winter colds and flu symptoms. They will also help those with chronic breathing problems and hay fever. For those who do not suffer from the above, using these trigger points will help you maintain good health and stimulate calmness and peace within.

"What is fragile is easy to break;
What is minute is easy to disperse.
Deal with a thing before it comes into existence.
Regulate a thing before it gets into confusion.
The common people in their business (or affairs
And doings) often fail on the verge of succeeding.
Take care with the end as you do with the beginning.
And you will have no failure."

When you apply acupressure remember to breathe correctly and do not use excessive pressure. Too much pressure will create blockage of the neurological system and causes temporary discomfort. If you have used too much pressure on the point, gently massage the point until the discomfort is relieved. All acupressure points are sensitive and can be damaged with excessive pressure.

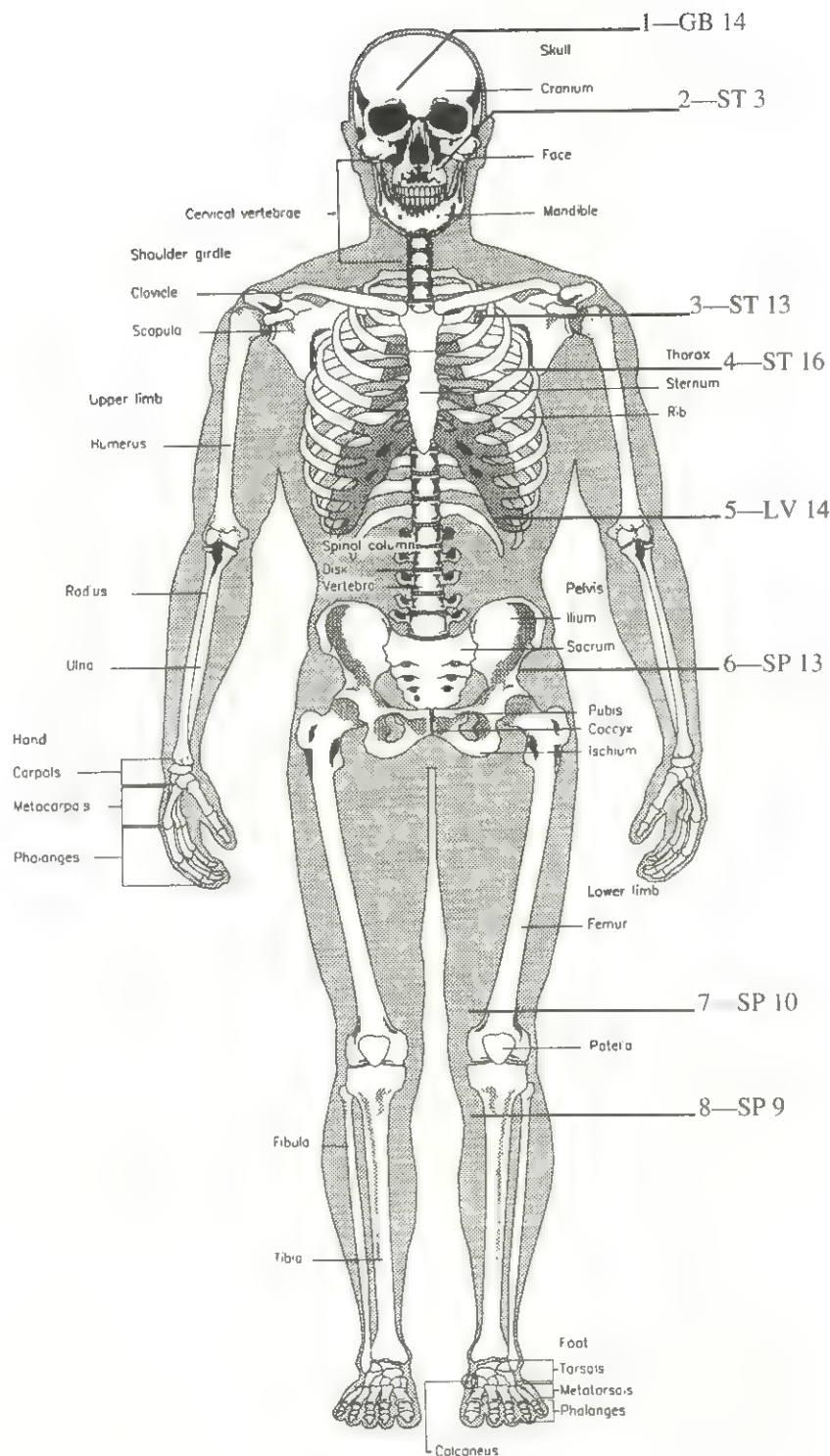
Try stretching and bending exercises with proper breathing techniques as well as acupressure. Watch your diet and drink plenty of water. These practices will help insure a healthier and more active life style. For those of you who already practice some form of meditation, incorporating acupressure techniques enhances your ability to concentrate and relaxes areas of your body that tend to tense while meditating. Sitting still for long periods of time creates cramping and other irritations. Correctly using acupressure enables you to control these without having to break your concentration.

Used correctly, acupressure stimulates the nervous system to assist the healing process. Used incorrectly it will result in irritation of the stimulated points. Always be sure to concentrate on the point you are stimulating and only apply enough pressure to get the desired results. If you use too much pressure, wait a few minutes, then restimulate the area slowly and gently. Correct application is one of the basics of the art.

Here is a tip for those of you who work out: Acupressure stimulation on the muscles you are about to exercise is advisable if you are injury prone. Trigger point stimulation before exercise allows the muscles to stretch out and increases nerve responses. Having good neurological response and muscle elasticity will reduce injuries and increase performance.

Subsequent articles will contain approximately 7-10 pressure points each until all thirty points have been covered. After that we will dive into more than 300 combined points. These will be fully illustrated.

Save these graphic layouts for reference, and you might find combinations of points that are better suited to your needs. Each of these charts will have the skeletal designs of the body to help identify the areas affected by the specified point. If you have questions or information on acupressure please address them to the Bret Etterlein, C/O *SouthPoint magazine*.



SKELETON, ANTERIOR VIEW

Life's Chronicles

WEBER COUNTY MENTAL HEALTH

I hadn't been feeling too well, depressed, so when Neal came by to go for our daily walk, I said, "Let's go somewhere interesting after the walk."

"Okay," he said, "where did you have in mind?"

"I don't know yet. I'll think of a place as we walk."

By the time we got the Pineview Canal Road, the air was turning dark. As we passed the barbed wire enclosed sump, the air had turned charcoal gray. When we reached the third-way mark, snow began hitting us in four-inch long droplets—snow, hail, and rain in the same fall. As the snow pelted down, Neal and his dog began to run back toward the car. "Come back, you cowards," I yelled, hustling after them.

We were shivering in the car as the storm dumped wet snow outside. Neal's car heater didn't even make a dent.

"Where to? A hot tub?" Neal asked.

"Smith and Edwards," I said.

"Where's that?" he asked.

"It's right off the freeway at the north edge of town."

When we got to Smith and Edwards we were warmer. Their ceiling gas fans were all going, and you could hear their rattling diminish and increase as we walked around their various sections of the store. We quickly moved through the clothes and hardware departments, slowed down in the fishing area, came to a stop among the rifles and pistols.

"Look at that Ruger five-shot stainless steel snub nose thirty-eight caliber special," I pointed out to Neal. "What a cute little gun. What a funny looking muzzle! It looks fused to the chamber."

"It cost almost three hundred dollars."

"Not too practical, either. Most people carry a revolver on an empty chamber for safety's sake. Only a four-shot then. Still, it's a neat little revolver. Where are you going to get three hundred dollars?"

"I'm not getting three hundred dollars. I'm not buying the gun. Just thinking."

"Besides, what do you need a gun for? You live in the safest part of town. You don't travel. You flash no jewelry. Besides, you're crazy half of every year. A person with your illness has no business owning a gun."

"I'm just thinking." I had owned a revolver years before when I lived in Riverton, Wyoming, a Colt thirty-eight special. I had bought it for eighty-five dollars second-hand from a young California man who had spent many loving hours filing down the action. He had gone back to California with his young family a gun poorer, but needed the money for the move.

I had sold it as soon as I realized I was going into a second relapse.

That afternoon I made jokes about Smith and Edwards's little gun. That night and all the remainder of the week I dreamed of the weapon.

On Friday I received four hundred and sixty-six dollars as my first two month's Public Assistance checks.

Saturday morning I cashed the checks at a food store and began my marathon walk to Smith and Edwards.

Neal had already left on a two week trip to Orange County to see his separated wife.

By two o'clock I had reached the store. I limped in and headed for sporting goods.

"I'd like to see that five-shot stainless steel Ruger," I told the clerk. I put my stuffed wallet on the counter as the clerk handed the gun over to me. I hefted it. I concealed it. I sighted along it. I tested the action—five times. Then I put it down. "Thanks," I said as I put the wallet back in my pocket. I walked to the front door. As I was limping into the road, I met a neighbor from the Manor pulling his car out of the lot.

"Can I give you a lift?"

"Yes. Thanks very much."

"Did you walk all the way out here?"

"Yes!"

"Where can I drop you?" my neighbor asked me as we approached town.

"Weber County Mental Health. Back door."



CONVERSATIONS WITH THE DEAD

Stephen W. Anderson

"These are the graves of the executed ones,"
he announced with a somber, indifferent
kind of respect . . .
and yet later, in quiet reflection,
I understood his tone came up
out of
that secret reservoir of the soul
which knows
"I, too, could end up as forgotten
dust:
I, too, might die for nothing."

Often now I think back upon my journey
through that phantom land: a land caught
like evening haze at dusk, soon to perish
into the gathering darkness of night
but, for one brief moment, beyond time.

I recall its mute, mouthless people,
inhabitants of a dark land whose hope-
less,
dying eyes gazed dully at my passage
from their skullish heads. They saw me
only as a traveler who wanted nothing
and took nothing from them. They knew
only
that they were not harmed.

I remember the aura which lay like
heavy
blankets over that tortured land, an aura
of scarred spirits vanquished by the
horrible vendetta of an angry god.

I remember the excited buzz of feasting
flies
as they drank still-warm blood, ate the
still-quivering
flesh, and lustfully gorged themselves
on all the disappointments man can
devise.

I remember as if it were now, the picture
of a burned statue of the Virgin Mary
and the image of a small child kneeling
in prayer before it, weeping for a
murdered mother
whose name, also, was Mary.

I recall those I, too, have slain:
those by my wrath seized, stolen from

who became adults before childhood
lived.
I recall their dying, their sparks fading,
gone like that: out. Returned to the void.
Nothing.

"These are the executed ones," he said.
I recall standing there alone, filled

POETRY

by the putrid odor of stinking jungles,
sunsorched deserts, savage streets,
knowing the drowning sensation of my
own
awakening, pulling me down into the
swirling
cauldron of enlightenment.

I recall how a warm wind brushed my
face
and then was gone. I remember touching
a grim stone, experiencing how that dust
had lived: born of anguish to laugh,
make love, and perhaps do it again
tomorrow
until at last death came,
speaking of one other place to be
consumed by life: that stopping place
where I, too, found these things.

"These are the executed ones," he stated,
eyes
small sparks, and then was gone,
dissolving
into the umbra arts of night,
leaving but those sparks which smolder
in my soul,
like candles surrounding the powerless
and
charred Virgin's image in a chapel.
"These are the executed ones," he
announced,
studying a horizon of tombstones. "Pray
for them . . .
and for those to come."

San Quentin, California

*First prize in the 1990 Pen Writing Awards
for Prisoners—poetry*

CLOUDS

Michael Newcome

I watched them
Change from blanched ghosts
Into a foaming sea of
Sun-streaked waves,
Their curling crests
Held motionless, poised
But never spent.

PLEASE, MEMBERS OF THE BOARD

Jarid T. Rutledge

Please, members of the Board,
Let me start all over.
I've learned my lesson, can't you
see;
I hear Nashville calling me.
I wake up in the morning
Thinking life could be so bright,
Sitting on a stage 'neath those fancy
colored lights.

I want to write a crazy song that's bound
to get attention.
I'm serving time far away in a state
detention.
I want to make the ink flow all across my
paper,
Locked deep within my cell in a prison
called Draper.
I want to feel the melody, the tempo, and
the beat,
And dream of all the words, tapping my feet.
I glance out my window to find the
words that rhyme;
There's surely not much to do when
you're doing time.

Move over, Clint and Garth, I'm heading
up your way.
I'll be out of here one day touring the
long highway.
A limousine with fancy things; the
truckstops I will dine
While searching out the song on the
jukebox that's mine.
On my door a star of gold with my name
so big and bold,
A swimming pool shaped like a Gibson,
many things I've been wishing.
A diamond ring on my pinky, cowboy
duds fine, not slinky.

Five minutes until lock-down, gotta
finish this song.
Let the world know I'm here,
worked on it all day long.
Through the crumpled papers I can
hardly see my desk,
Just trying to do the thing that I love
the best.
Yes sir, I've learned my lesson, and
I'm not the first
Who day-dreams of opera land,
quenching a life-long thirst
Of one day being on that stage with
America's country greats.
But for now I'm in this prison;
Nashville will just have to wait.

STILL THE SAME

Dean Alarce

Forever we walk a twisted path,
One which knows no bounds.
Always searching within ourselves
Upon these prison grounds.
Behind this fence, captivity,
The sight of what we've lost.
But does the punishment fit the crime?
No matter what the cost?
An outside love, a broken dream.
While here we waste away.

Do you know the pain we feel
Of losing every day?
The rules, they say, must be obeyed
While pride is lost again.
Ripped away by bar and wall,
Washed away by pain,
The day for freedom has come at last,
But are we still the same?

Conditioned as an animal—
Broken, crushed, and tamed.

THE PRICE OF THE PIPE

Kerry L. Ross

Our lives are filled with struggle and
strife,
But that's no reason to surrender your
life.
There are some things you must let go—
One is the glass, but I guess you know!

I tell you I love you, ask you to stop,
But all you think of is *Where can I cop?*
You ask am I a pimp? No, I'm not that type.
The real pimp, my Lady, is actually the pipe.

You sell, trade, pawn, and even borrow,
Then when it's gone, all you can feel is
sorrow.
You forget your man, your children,
even your friends,
Then ask, "Dear God, forgive me my sins."

These things are said because I love you and care,
Not to cause you heartache and despair.
If you keep this up you're bound to lose
Your man, your children, and the friends
you choose.

The tears you'll cry, don't try to wipe!
That's the price you'll pay for the pipe.

THE GREAT REPUBLIC

Alex Bailey

Welcome to the Great Republic!
Guess I should show you around
Where once I was sovereign,
But now I'm just a clown.

The love we once shared
Made a king of me,
But now you're gone
All I face is poverty.

Hell hath no fury
Like a woman scorned,
But Heaven don't boast
The jewel I just pawned.

Every cloud has a silver lining;
Every dog has its day,
But I guess the sun stopped shining
The day you went away.

How do I tell my story,
Deposed from my throne?
I get only the answering machine
When you are not home.

With the love you gave
I felt like royalty,
But now you're face to face
With ex-aristocracy.

King without a heart,
King without a hope,
King without a woman,
Yes, I'm a king without a crown.

A DAY IN PRISON

David Macmillan

When we get up in the morning,
We know what the day will bring
'Cause time at the Utah State Prison
Has that same old ring.

We start out eating breakfast
In a large mess hall,
Then we go to work
When our number is called.

At 11 o'clock we are counted
Before we go to lunch,
And as we wait in line
We stand in a large bunch.

When 4 o'clock rolls around
We are locked in our cells
So that we can be counted
While our time stands still.

Then we go to dinner
In a very large line.
The chow here at times
Is really not that fine.

We may hope for a letter
From someone who cares,
Or a visit from a loved one
That at times is very rare.

So as our day ends
We sing the same old song
While we're locked in our cells
For the whole night long.

So this is a day we live
I have described with reason,
Because every day's the same
At the Utah State Prison.



INVISIBLE POSTMAN

Lyndon Lee

Something strange happened today,
An invisible Postman passed my way.
He gave me a letter that wasn't quite there.
Invisible mail is no doubt rare.

I must admit I was really thrilled,
Expecting a letter that would be filled
But as I opened nothing very wide, I had to
Notice even less inside.

The scent was so sweet, as I recall,
So sweet in fact there was no scent at all.
The penmanship so very clear and clean,
So clean, in fact, it could not be seen.

Then like all good things, the ending came.
Along with "I'll love you always," came
your name.
So I write back to you with no regret,
With thanks for the letter I did not get

FEELING LONESOME FOR YOU

Charles Boneman

There are those times,
When a man is feeling blue.
When a card, a letter, or a note,
Would make him feel true.

Sitting here, feeling lonesome,
With all my thoughts of you,
The man comes around with no mail—
I wonder if your thoughts are of me too?

It is a struggle to make each day.
But, a simple little card
Would bring a smile my way,
When I'm feeling lonesome for you.

So with this thought in mind,
I want to thank you for being so kind.,
I send all my heart and soul;
My love and inspiration when
I'm feeling lonesome for you.

BRAVE SPIRIT

Rebekah E. Inghorse Thomas

Feathered warriors once paced in time
The earth their grandfathers spade,

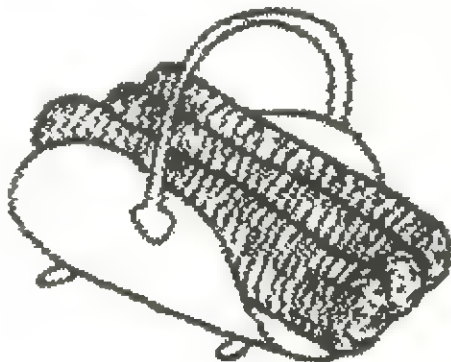
And slept in peace and tranquility
While the hearts of the little ones played.
Leaves of sweetspice and berry
Flowed throughout the mystical land,
Brothers were brothers and sisters sisters,
Each lending a helping hand.

The old and very wise elders
Taught the people to live and be free,
But then came the snowy white strangers
With their eyes of blue from the sea.
Their words were queer and bodies small
As they strode one by one to the shore;
Greed and lust filled their withered souls
As their eyes and spirits wanted more.

The peoples welcomed the strangers anew
And gave freely the gold of the land;
With outstretched hearts of warmth and
love
Came the power from the native's hand.
With covered tipis of well worked hide
And the blessing from the shaman's pipe,
Throughout the night in transgression
The land of the people's they eyed.

For five-hundred years the newcomers
came,
Bringing bloodshed and destitution.
They martyred and even killed their own
In an unneeded revolution.
The native American spirit
Has thrived for all these years,
From the conquest of the Spanish
Down to the trail of tears.

The shaman's drum and pipe will sing
Of a fresh and brand new song;
The peoples of the medicine wheel,
Their hearts and mind will throng.
So the years will come and go,
As the changes of the wind,
And the sacred power of the pipe
Will bring a brand new friend.



DEAREST LOVE OF MINE

Charles Boneman

Dearest love of mine,
How many thoughts of you
Pass away the time,
Because you were so kind.

You seem to know
When to pick me up,
Because you seem to know
When I'm feeling down.

You're there when I fall,
You're there when I crumble,
You're there through it all,
You're there because you care.

Dearest love of mine,
You're mine for all time;
You're in my heart and soul;
You're my heat when it's cold.

You're my inspiration
When I feel hesitation.
You inspire me to do my best
So I won't fail like all the rest.

Dearest love of mine,
Thank you for being so kind.
Thank you for loving me,
Dearest love of mine.

SOMEONE

Lyndon Lee

At times in my life when I find myself
Not knowing what to do,
When I'm standing around or lying
awake
I find myself thinking of you.

About what you're doing and what
you like,
Or the things that are deep in your heart.
And I find that I'm grateful to be given
the chance
Of a friendship just waiting to start.

Even though I don't know you, at least
not that well,
What I do know I find that I like
And have only good tidings and praise
to bestow
On someone who has brightened my life.

poetry from Uinta

HER MIND

Darrell Pagan

A set of phrases learned by rote,
A passion for a scarlet coat,
When at a play to laugh or cry,
Yet cannot tell you the reason why.
Never to hold her tongue a minute
While she prates with nothing in it,
While hours can with a coxcomb sit,
And takes his nonsense all for wit.
Her learning mounts to read a song,
But half the words pronouncing wrong.
Has every repartee in store
She's spoken ten thousand times before.
Can ready compliments supply
On all occasions cut and dry.
For conversation well endured
She calls it witty to be rude.
And, placing raillery in railing,
Will tell out loud your greatest failing.
She makes a scruple to expose
Your bandy leg or crooked nose,
Can at her morning coffee run over
The scandal of the day before,
Improving hourly in her skill
Suggest at hand and will.
Can in her female club dispute
What lining best the silk will suit,
What colors each complexion match
And where with art to place a patch.
If chance a mouse creeps in her sight,
Can finely counterfeit a fright,
So sweetly screams if it comes near her
She ravishes all hearts to hear her.
And dexterously her husband teases
By taking fits whenever she pleases.
By frequent practice learns the tricks
At proper seasons to be sick,
Thinks nothing gives one airs so pretty
At once creating love and pity.
She gets colds as sure as death
And vows she scarce can catch her
breath,
Admires how modestly a woman can
Be so robustious as a man.

Oh yes! If any man can find
More virtues in a woman's mind,
Keep them at heart to know
She surely will grow.

A PLACE CALLED HATE

Mark Woodland

I know a place where time stands still,
Where the children of the damned
Lie blowing in the wind—
Where you're permanently lost,
Never to be found again,
All just puppets without string,
Times forgotten youth.
Take my hand, for we mustn't be late;
Come and fly with me to a place called Hate.

Run, little child. Run and hid for a while,
For you're much too young to play,
To play this game called hate.
The door is open wide.
Take a step and go inside.
Don't back up, don't break,
Because you're running out of time.
Listen to me, please. I know what it's about.
Don't let the door slam on you,
Because you'll never get back out.
You're a victim of society, a prisoner of your
mind.
Just a lost cause, like a river stone
Left to wash away with time.
You've got to stand up and let them know
Just how you feel. If you don't, you're
through.
You're gonna walk an endless mile,
And when they're through corrupting you,
Your retreat will prove to be late.
You'll have no home, no soul your own,
Just a mind that loves to hate.

Hey, little child, don't ever lose that smile.
Do what I said before—
Run and hide for a while.
Pick your feet up off the ground;
Get up and fly away.
Because once you've seen this place called
hate,
You'll never be the same.

BEDTIME

Terry Mackay

I know a special lady
Who likes the way I write,

So I thought I'd write something
For her to read at night.
Babe, I wish I was beside you now,
To run my fingers through your hair.
We'd laugh and talk together
About the thing we wanna share.
Think of days we'll be together;
There's so much for us to do.
Think of nights we'll hold each other
Till the sun shines through.
Babe, I want you near me;
These feelings I can't hide.
Let's hope the day comes soon
When I'll be by your side.
Lay back and close your eyes, Babe,
And think of things to be.
Remember that I love you,
Now sleep and dream of me.

STACKED DECK

Mark Woodland

Hey Deceiver, make believer,
It's funny how we always meet
Face to face, without a trace of our
yesterdays.

Hey Dealer, soul stealer,
What's your price for promises?
A vision from my mind?
A life ran out of time?
Secret insanity?

I'm not a dreamer,
But will you catch me if I fall?
I'm a dark believer,
And I beckon to your every call.
Can I have a moment of your time?
Was I too blind to read the signs?
The writings on the wall . . . on the wall?

You have no home, no soul of your own,
Just some other's memories
Caught in your deal for promises.
Yeah, promises. The final deal was
clear—
You could see the words, but you
Couldn't hear death's the price for
promises—
Yeah, promises.

Don't deal with the deceiver
 'Cause he'll make a believer out of you.
 Don't shuffle for the dealer
 'Cause once you've touched the cards,
 you've lost.
 Don't catch the fever
 Or it'll burn you through and through.
 Take it from me, I'm the Joker.
 Master of deceptive poker.

It's CONDEMNATION

Rusty White

One moment it's there.
 Then it's suddenly gone.
 You didn't know it.
 But yet you did,
 For you can see inside it
 From within yourself.
 The law has been broken
 By the law itself!
 Rationalization by the ones who have done it
 To escape from the guilt.
 The humanity is outweighed
 By the hunger for its blood.
 To live within its castle
 Is to open your eyes to its fate.
 In the few remaining moments I can feel its pain.

THE DRINK'S ON ME

Joe Chandler

Beware! For without me all things
 Living will become defunct.
 I am smooth,
 I am rough,
 I am all giving,
 And sometimes unjust.
 I create power,
 I command respect,
 So now, of course, you know who I am?
 No? No!
 Okay, I'll tell you, what the heck.
 Next time you take a long
 Deep,
 Life giving,
 Ever refreshing,
 World-wide
 Ever decreasing,
 Always in demand,
 Always in command,
 Cool.
 Succulent
 Drink of
 Water.
 Remember all
 That it can be!

FEBRUARY RESOLUTIONS

Anonymous

If there's a war,
 I'll shrink my boys
 Back to their eggs
 And schedule girl.

Move to the land of
 Canadian bacon,
 Carry paper sacks,
 Ride bicycles,

Pick out the Orlon
 In my sweaters,
 Heat my house
 With sunlit drums.

Burn my 30 year draft card
 While I watch
 Television troops
 Walk a camel for a mile.



WALK WITH ME

Terry Mackay

I may not be your greatest passion,
 But lower flames burn longer,
 And I may not overwhelm your soul,
 But a gentle strength is stronger.
 I may not be the most beautiful,
 But with time all beauties fade,
 And I may not be your sunshine,
 But when resting you choose the shade.
 I may not fill your heart with laughter,
 But there is joy in a smile.
 I could be everything you ever wanted;
 Come and walk with me a while!

You & I

Joe Chandler

You gathered the wood;
 You took the chance;
 You started the fire
 In hopes of romance.

I knew where you stood.
 I told you in advance
 I had no desire
 For long-distance romance.

You had your heart set;
 You said you had the tiger by the tail.
 Although we'd just met,
 You said you would love me through the mail.

I told you with regret
 I was a hardened steel nail.
 Although we'd just met,
 My resolve began to fail.

You read my harsh verse;
 You said I was so kind and dear.
 You said you were prepared for the
 worst;
 You said you couldn't wait to hold me
 near.

You filled my life with hope;
 You put me back in the race.
 You showed me a way to cope;
 You gave my life a place.

I no longer walk a tight rope;
 I no longer hang in space;
 I no longer sing a sad note.
 I have finally found my place.

You fought, and you stayed.
 No matter how I tried to turn you away,
 You were there day after day.

Now for you,
 For the courage you showed,
 For that very first day
 You came to see me when it snowed,
 We will always be together,
 And, For you,
 I will
 Fight, stand,
 And die.
 For now, Darling,
 It is just
 You
 &
 I.



A Matter of Timing

Cecil and his girl in trying to connect
Joined a Colorado octogenarian sect.

They grew their own food

Till they got in the mood

For activities you'd never expect.

Old Spice Material?

From Venice to Draper, Dave ended his chase;
He's was merely looking for the right place.

He knows it's not here,

Still he's got the fear

That he'll be just another pretty face.

Political Colors

Though Arkansas Bill reached the top,
He's anxious to avoid a painful drop.

(The risk of high place

Is a fall on the face,

And the crimson following the flop.)

The Unabsolute Seventh

Rooks on the seventh are overrated
When by their absence you're getting mated.

Theory may be fine

For those so inclined.

But it makes me nothing but frustrated.

Mark Hofmann

The Moderate Drinker

In drinking, the old rule of three
Will with dinner be found to agree:

Drink somewhat before,

While you eat, when it's over;

And so with your luncheon and tea.

Wallace Rice, Little Book of Limericks

Wrong Place, Wrong Time

There was a young fellow named Ted
Who'd invent comic verses in bed.

In the end the poor simp

Let his unit grow limp

And the woman beneath bashed his head.

Isaac Asimov, Limericks, A Gross

Canadian Winds

Jim steered the Mack through the Chinooks;
She stayed at home and cooked up the books.

Her essence filled his thought,

Yet she would not be bought,

Nor would she pull out the hooks.

Worst Case Scenario

When Jeffery picked up Sue in his Jag,
He wondered why her head wore a bag.

"You'll be more delighted

If my face isn't sighted.

A damp rag, but the rest doesn't sag."

Speech Therapy

His salad days were spent in the gutter;
He was not your preeminent cake-cutter.

His highest card was a deuce,

For Lautrec it was too loose.

H-He's here to g-get rid of his st-st-stutter.

Mistaken Identity

The way Sharon works him's a shame,
But she's not entirely to blame.

If you knew Joe

You'd probably know

That he confuses her with his old flame.

Safety First?

Seat belts are great in a wreck,
But they sure make it harder to neck.

Buzzered, then belted,

No gal's ever melted—

The best you can get is a peck.

John M. Allen

The Lecturer

In good looks I am not a star.

There are others more lovely by far.

But my face—I don't mind it,

Because I'm behind it—

It's the people in front that I jar.

Richard Burton, Little Book of Limericks

"G" Whiz

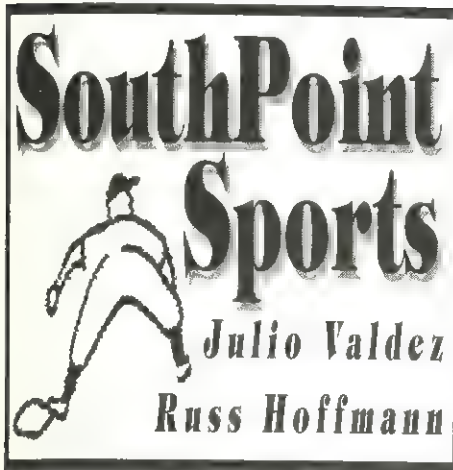
It took me some time to agree
To appear in a film about me

And my various ex-wives

Detailing our sex lives,

But I did—and they rated it G.

John Ciardi, Limericks, Too Gross



WASATCH SPORTS THANKSGIVING TOURNAMENT

NOVEMBER 28—TEN TEAMS COMPETED IN THE Saturday afternoon Thanksgiving holiday handball tournament in the Wasatch gym.

Three teams survived the very energetic preliminaries—Duncan Sampson and Ed Ramos, Henry Bruce and Randy Montoya, and the defending champions, Carlos Quintana and Anastacio "Tacho" Fernandez. Bruce/Montoya and Sampson/Ramos faced off in the consolation bracket for the chance to play the defending champs in the championship game. Bruce and Montoya emerged from the contest with the right to meet the defending champs.

In the championship game, the team of Quintana and Fernandez dominated, proving that they were yet the team to beat. The final standings are as follows:

Champions: Carlos Quintana and Anastacio "Tacho" Fernandez

Runner-up: Henry Bruce and Randy Montoya

Consolation: Duncan Sampson and Ed Ramos

WASATCH VOLLEYBALL

The Wasatch volleyball season is over. Multiple roster changes throughout the season brought strength to some teams and drained talent from others and will make the upcoming playoffs interesting. The addition of Sam Shaffer, Donny Rosenbaum, and John Favro brought strength to Tim Dunlap's team, while the loss of Steve Stilling, Mike Lee, and Ron Peterson weakened Martin Gaal's squad. Here is a brief recap of the successful season:

November 8—Bill Hawkin's team fell to Tim Dunlap's in a rare Sunday evening game. Jeff Crawford and Marty Garcia defended the nets superbly and paced the winners to the 3 to 1 victory.

November 10—In a 3 to 1 victory, Tim Dunlap's prevailed over the gutsy efforts of the emotionally charged Dan Mortensen team led by Chuck Fowler and Dave Mavretic.

November 12—Dan Mortensen led his team against Hawkin's, overcoming an early showing of strength by the medicated

maniacs, to post a final 3 to 1 victory.

November 14—Steve Stilling, Mike Lee, and Willie Vaughn's unstoppable play on the front line helped to lead Martin Gaal's team to a 3 to 2 victory over Tim Dunlap's.

November 17—Dan Mortensen's mentally prepared team, led by the spirited play of Tim Willis and Chuck Fowler took an early two game lead over the scrappy Martin Gaal's team. Gaal came back with two victories to tie the match and won when a visit caused Mortensen's team to forfeit.

November 19—In a three game sweep the shot blocking, ball slamming antics of Tim Dunlap and Shane Hochstetler sent Billy Hawkin's team back to the pill line.

November 21—Martin Gall's team brought their undefeated record into the contest against Billy Hawkins. Gall dominated the floor and controlled the scoreboard in the three game drubbing.

November 24—In a powerful display of prowess, Mortensen's team subdued the out matched efforts of Tim Dunlap's team in three straight.

November 28—In a three to one contest Dan Mortensen and his net bandits kept their winning streak alive against Dunlap's team. Ron Peterson, Henry Bruce, and Willie Vaughn led in the winning effort.

December 1—Martin Gaal's team survived an impressive first game birage from Mortensen's heavy artillery, to prevail in a "come from behind" victory three games to one.

December 3—In three games to one Dunlap's team, led by the outstanding play of Sam Shaffer and Ben Vigil, kept Billy Hawkins from his first season victory. For some it is good to remember, "It's not whether you win or lose, but the fact that you showed up" that counts.

December 5—Behind the butt kicking efforts of Rick Ricci and Cody Oliver, Gaal's undefeated demons took the winless Hawkins three games to zip.

December 8—Dunlap's lost by forfeit to Mortensen's.

December 10—An offensive surge by Ken Wagstaff brightened Hawkins' hope of a victory. Mortensen's team had other ideas, however, and in a powerful finish took the match three games to two.

—Julio

continued on page 35

OQUIRRH SPORTS VOLLEYBALL

NOVEMBER 6—The 1992 volleyball season began with ten teams in contention. In the first match the *Spikers* started their season with a win over the *Brotherhood*. The *Warriors*, led by Doug Kay rounded off the evening with a victory over the *Dream Team*.

November 11—The *Slammers* took the first match over *Hampsters Hooligans* two games to one. In the second match the *High Flyers* won two straight over the *Renegades*.

November 12—*Nuestra Gente* showed they are the team to watch with their win over Jensen's *Generals*. The *Renegades* had some problems with their lineup and lost the second match to the *Hooligans*.

November 13—The *Generals* rallied after their loss the night before to defeat the *Spikers*. In the second match the *Warriors* came up victorious in a hard fought match against *Nuestra Gente*. Looks like these are the teams that will contend for the title.

November 18—Both by default, the *Slammers* won the first match over the *Brother Creed*, and the *High Flyers* won the second over the *Dream Team*.

November 19—In two straight games the *Generals* scored another victory against the *Slammers*. *Nuestra Gente* looked tough with another victory, this time over the *Spikers*.

November 20—The *Dream Team*, looking like they are starting to get a team together, beat the *Hooligans*. In the second match the *Warriors* chalked up the first skunk of the season in the second of their two game victory

NEWS Miscellaneous

THE HAROLDSENS— GENEALOGY VOLUNTEERS

WHEN THEY DECIDED TO BECOME full time volunteers, Grant and Sue Haroldsen also decided they were going to learn, while helping others learn, more about genealogy. They had spoken with Wayne and Adelia Cole—genealogy volunteers for the previous twelve months—and had been assured that it was an exciting and wonderful experience working at the prison with the inmates. Grant said, "We couldn't have asked for any more rewarding an assignment. We only hope we can do as good a job helping inmates as the Coles did."

It has been a long road for the Haroldsens from the day they first met to arriving at the Utah State Prison, and it was a very interesting story to listen to.

Back in the early fifties, the Atomic Energy Commission went cross-country to hundreds of colleges looking for engineers, chemists, physicists and business administrators. They found Grant studying Engineering at the University of Utah and Sue studying her fourth year of chemistry at BYU. Both were recruited and sent to Oakridge Tennessee to train; the facility at Oakridge was crucial in helping the United States develop the A-bomb before the Germans in World War II. After intense training they were sent, with seventy other trainees, to the National Research Testing Station outside Idaho Falls, Idaho.

The Haroldsens met while training in Tennessee and became close friends while

working in Idaho. Grant took Sue back down to St. Johns, Arizona, her home town, where he met Sue's parents and they were married in the Mesa LDS temple in 1952. Grant's family and

church have been very important parts of his life ever since he was a small boy. "My Father used to say that the three most important things in a person's life are family, church, and country, and in that order!" Grant said. His life with the Atomic Energy Commission has definitely shown his commitment to country.

The Haroldsens moved to New Jersey during 53-54 where Grant took a job working for Chemical Construction Corp., a subsidiary of the same company he worked for in Idaho. Grant didn't like the non-nuclear work and went to work for North American Aviation in Downey California. North American was trying to break into the lucrative business of building commercial nuclear reactors. After thirteen years and a good sized family, Grant and Sue decided to move home to Idaho where Grant worked and lived the remaining thirteen labor years. Incidentally, Grant returned to work at Idaho National Engineering Lab, which is where he began his nuclear engineering career back in 1952.



Grant and Sue Haroldsen take a break from their volunteer genealogy work looking like newlyweds after forty years of marriage.

During these coast to coast engineering years, Sue blessed Grant with one child and the couple adopted three more children. "I gave up the chemistry field and held the position of 'Station-Wagon-Mommy,'" Sue proudly exclaimed. "Our two boys and two girls are all grown up now and we're very proud of them," Sue added. The Haroldsens now have eight grandchildren to contend with when they gather for a reunion. After Grant and Sue retired to Idaho they took care of Grant's ailing parents for four years. "Strokes with my father were terribly hard to deal with," Grant said, then added, "My mother was also very ill during this period."

Grant and Sue Haroldsen feel good

about their service and helping inmates access the genealogy lab. "It gives all inmates, whether they're LDS or not, something to hang onto and helps them find their roots. It also helps them understand that they belong somewhere and have a long

history." The Haroldsens have seen many changes in inmates during their first two weeks here at Southpoint. "Our main purpose in helping others is to help them change their lives and we have seen those changes more here than anywhere else we've been," Grant said. "I believe when I leave this world that this will be one of the highlights in my life and this volunteer work will have more impact than the work I've done for the Atomic Energy Commission. Sue Haroldsen agreed wholeheartedly with her husband and gave him a gentle squeeze from next to him where she sat for this entire interview.

Next month we'll talk with Ralph and Vida Weatherston—the other half of the Genealogy team.—Steve

COMMUNITY EDUCATION UPDATE

THE OQUIRRH COMMUNITY EDUCATION Department will be starting classes soon. Look for notices that will be posted

in your sections. They will list the classes, a brief description, and the time they will be held. CE will be offering hobby courses as well as informative and educational classes. Take advantage of these; it would be worth your while.—*Elaine Fryer*

WASATCH LIBRARY

THE LIBRARY AT THE WASATCH FACILITY IS like most library's in the community: Books are purchased through the library system or donated by individuals or organizations and checked out by folks with specific needs such as schooling, research. Most check books out for recreational reading.

Here the libraries are having a difficult time getting books returned on time, and sometimes they don't get them back at all. Approximately 20% of the library's collection of twelve thousand books are out in circulation at any given time and half those checked out will be overdue, lost, or destroyed.

On any given day approximately 230 books are on overdue status at one of the two libraries. Over a thousand books have never been returned to be listed and kept track of on the new computer system at the Wasatch library which handles circulation for both Oquirrh and Wasatch.

Joe Jacobs and Lee Aase, librarians at the Wasatch and Oquirrh facilities respectively, are concerned that we inmates may lose the opportunity to get additional new books if the old books are not returned. Joe said there are approximately six hundred books that will not be checked out until a good portion of the books out are returned. "A lot of Westerns are out and due right now. Books by authors like Sidney Sheldon, Louis L'Amour, Stephen King, Anthony, and Evans are checked out and that's the last we see of them," Joe said.

Joe and Lee's job as librarians is to keep track of library books and make sure they are returned on time. "I guess the biggest problem is when parolees leave

they never return their books and they are either left on shelves somewhere to collect dust, or someone decides to throw them away. Another problem occurs when inmates move from one facility to another. Inmates are not usually afforded the time to turn them in, and they sit in an office waiting for someone to take care of them.

"We'd like inmates to snag whatever books they can and return them to their facility's library. Renew books within the two weeks check out period if you are in need of keeping them longer," Joe added. "Another idea we've had is to put more drop-boxes around the facility so it isn't such a problem for inmates to pack them around hoping they will get near the library to return them."

A feature Joe wanted the *SouthPoint* to mention is the typewriter that is available to all inmates. It's available in half-hour blocks of time, and inmates should make their time request at least one day in advance.

The library at both Oquirrh and Wasatch facilities will not work properly without inmate participation in taking care of and returning books. We all need to take part in using and managing our library here at the prison; without our combined effort, we will all lose.

MIKE'S BOOKS

IF YOU'RE A SUCKER FOR SPY THRILLERS I would like to foster one of my favorite authors, Hellen MacInnes. Ms. MacInnes spins an exciting story of international proportions. In the latest of her novels, 1967's *The Double Image*, with ease and intellect she deals with an escaped Nazi war criminal who has eluded the authorities for twenty years and now heads a Communist spy cell. Double agents threaten the security of the free world, and only the cooperative efforts of a multi-national team can curb their evil plans to kidnap an American scientist.

As with most of her novels, this is staged in Greece and its picturesque archipelago of islands. Fast action and depth lend this blend of intrigue and danger the proper mix to keep you guessing to the end.

Jeff Clinton's *Big Sky Revenge* contains all of the ingredients of a good Western. Staged in

Montana's big-sky country, it depicts the classic struggle between good and evil. The story revolves around a crooked land and cattle baron who murdered Jim Buchanan's friend to get his land, the riches it hides, and ultimately his widow..

Control, manipulation, and force are passwords in this novel. Buchanan seeks to avenge the death of his friend and protect the woman. He doesn't win all the fights, and luck is his main ally.

Like *Shogun* and *Glory Lane*, Alan Dean Foster has created in *Maori* a prismatic adventure, capsulizing the life and adventure of Robert Coffin and his progeny, both legitimate and otherwise, in the land of the Maori.

New Zealand's cultural wars—the wars between tribes and the mystic Tuhoto (the Maori Shaman)—lend fertility to this story of struggle and intrigue during the colonization of New Zealand from 1839 through the catastrophic eruption of Mt. Tharawere in 1886.

Greed and avarice are rife, as well as mystery and magic; they powerfully form the texture of this breathtaking adventure. Foster has created an epic adventure in a mysterious and enchanting land.

Louis L'Amour carries his literary talent to new heights with *Walking Drum*, an extraordinary and enthralling adventure.

Though historical western adventures are his norm, L'Amour now takes us to distant lands in 12th century medieval Europe.

The novel is a chronicle of Kerbouchard, a daring hero, and his adventures in strange and dangerous lands. This warrior and scholar fights his way through Europe and Asia, always searching for knowledge. He goes from galley slave to master of his own vessel. He seeks his fortune and finds the love of a beautiful princess. This is a passionate novel that will carry you away; you'll experience Kerbouchard's violence, love, and magnificent adventure.—*Mike Newsome*

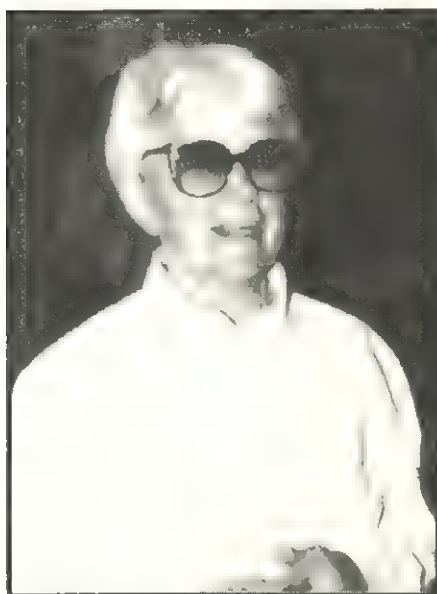
A CHILD'S VIEW OF RETIREMENT

AFTER A CHRISTMAS BREAK, THE TEACHER asked her small pupils how they spent their holiday. One little boy's reply went like this:

WE ALWAYS SPENT CHRISTMAS WITH Grandma and Grandpa. They used to live up here in a big brick house, but Grandpa got retarded and they moved to



Arizona. They live in a place with a lot of retarded people. They live in tin huts. They ride big 3-wheel bicycles. They go to a big building they call the wrecked hall, but it is fixed up now. They play games there and do exercises, but they don't do them very good. There is a swimming pool and they go to it and just stand there with their hats on. I guess they don't know how to swim. My Grandma used to bake cookies and stuff, but I guess she forgot how. They all go to restaurants that are fast. Nobody cooks there anymore. As you came into the park, there's a doll house with a man sitting in it. He watches all day, so they can't get out without him seeing them. They wear badges with their names on them. I guess they don't know who they are. My Grandma says Grandpa worked hard all his life and earned his retardment. I wish they would move back home, but I guess the man in the doll house won't let them out.—*Author unknown*



IRIS HEMENWAY RETIRES

COMMUNITY EDUCATION IS LOSING TO retirement one of their best supporters in Iris Hemenway. There has never been a time over the past ten years I have known Iris that I couldn't pick up the phone and request her presence in our classes. Her response was always "Where and what time?" Her background in halfway houses was helpful to our students; she took the time to explain how inmates could best deal with their time there. Iris always looked for the good in a man and usually managed to bring it out through her straightforward, honest, no-nonsense way. She has helped

countless men with sound advice and compassion. This warm-hearted woman "served her time" well in the correctional system, and even though she may be out of sight, she will never be out of mind!—*Elaine Fryer*

WE LOST A VALUABLE ASSET WHEN IRIS Hemenway retired December. Reviewing her career you realize she has had a hand in just about every area of corrections. Nineteen years ago she was hired as a matron (as they were called back then) for the women's facility. She had never been inside a prison before. There were only about twenty women, and one of her jobs was to drive them to and from work when they were on work-release.

She was involved in drug and alcohol treatment and was always helping inmates to build up their self-esteem. From women's she went to the diagnostic unit at St. Marks. From there she went to the Parkview Community Correctional Center, the first adult coed facility in Ogden. She really enjoyed being at the halfway house because it gave her a better chance to talk to the people, to help them reestablish themselves back into society. It was something she felt very strongly about, knowing how tough it could be on inmates rejoining society. After being at the halfway house for some years, she went back to the diagnostic unit at St. Marks.

Iris has virtually been everywhere. She has worked at Wasatch, the Firefighters, and was in charge of internal security at YACF when she retired.

Busy as she was, she still found time to earn a Bachelors degree in Psychology and Social Work. One of the many reasons Iris Hemenway is such an outstanding person is that she was always willing to listen to inmates and help in any she could. Interacting with the inmates she felt was the best way to get to the heart of problem solving—identifying and dealing with the problem before it got out of hand. She has always been committed to programming; she believed that inmates should be educated, especially in the area of drugs and alcohol.

Iris said, "If you lock people up, you need to give them opportunities to better themselves. Give them the skills to stay out of prison. People get all pumped up when they get ready to leave, but on the streets there are old friends, unemployment, and often very little support. It can be very hard,

and you need to be ready for it."

Now that she is retiring Iris Hemenway has big plans for the future. She bought a motor home and plans on sight-seeing across the country. She loves baseball. She will hit Florida during spring training to watch her favorite team, the Detroit Tigers. She also hopes to join the Peace Corps and would like to get into the school system to help kids to read. It seem like everything she does involves helping others. We have lost a very wonderful lady.—*Russ*

NATIONAL PRISON NEWS

INMATES COULD STAFF TOURIST HOT LINES

DES MOINES—PRISONERS AREN'T FREE TO do any visiting themselves, but Iowa officials say that wouldn't prevent inmates from staffing the Iowa tourism information hot lines.

Iowa officials say they're looking at examples set by several other states, including Idaho, where inmates have handled tourism calls since 1987.

The Key, said David Reynolds, Iowa Tourism Director, is keeping the quality of service high while reducing the cost. "The people who ask for the information don't care if you have budget problems. They just want good service," he said.

Harry Cannon, deputy director for Iowa Prison Industries, said the program would give inmates a chance to learn about computers and obtain skills that could help them land a job once they are released.—*Fairfield Ledger*, Fairfield, Iowa

LIFER'S CLUB BANQUET

THE LIFER'S CLUB FROM SOUTHEAST Tennessee State Regional Correctional Facility had their yearly get-together of the members and their families on Friday, June 28. It started as soon as the 4 p.m. count was clear and was held on the picnic area and in the programs area.

The banquet/dance was funded mostly by the membership with donations from them and their visitors—*The Verdict*, STSRFC (Bledsoe), Pikesville, Tennessee

FDA MOVES TOWARD TOTALITARIANISM

ACCORDING TO RICHARD PIERRE OF RICH'S Health Shop in Stillwater, an important health issue has been ignored by the media. The Food and Drug Administration and

Congress want to curtail the public's right to choose dietary supplements by making them prescription only.

People utilize dietary supplements to strengthen their body and maintain wellness for themselves and their families. These recent activities by the FDA seriously threaten the ability to freely choose and purchase safe supplements.

Proposition H.R. 3642, titled "Food, Drug, Cosmetic, and Device Enforcement," will give FDA almost totalitarian power in regulating the sale and distribution of dietary supplements. It will enable agents to embargo and recall without due process the products you depend on.—*The Prison Mirror*, Minnesota Correctional Facility, Stillwater, Minnesota

A WIN-WIN FEDERAL PROGRAM

DID YOU EVER THINK THAT AN EMPLOYER can get a tax break just by hiring you, an ex-con? It's true. Under the Targeted Jobs Tax Credit Program, an employer who hires an ex-offender within five years after release or date of conviction, can apply for an elective income tax credit. The credit is 40 percent of first-year wages up to \$6000 per employer.

This means the government will pay the employer \$2400 of your first year's wages if retained for a minimum of 90 days or 120 hours. Some other restrictions apply. The program is managed through state employment offices.

Don't be shy. When you make connections and line up a job on the outside, tell employers about this federal program. They need to apply before they hire you.—*The KFC Link*, Kinross Correctional Facility, Kincheloe, Michigan

WAR ON DRUGS?

AT HEARINGS held last February, United States senators questioned the effectiveness of the "War on Drugs." Questioning revealed bi-partisan criticism of the administration's 12.7 billion 1992 drug control efforts for overemphasizing law enforcement to the detriment of treatment and prevention programs.

Statistics indicate that drug use is on the rise and drug-related crime continues. "This is not the picture of a nation winning the drug war," said Senator Joseph R. Biden Jr. (D-Del), judiciary chairman. "Indeed, it

is not even the picture of a nation waging a good fight."—NCJA "Justice Bulletin," February 1992

PEPPY'S ROYAL "CUTS" SWEET DEAL AT DCI SHOW

THE FIRST-EVER JACKPOT CUTTING EVENT held at Dixon Correctional Institute, Jackson, Louisiana, drew competitors and spectators from far and near. Peppy's Royal Model, owned and ridden by Dixon's Assistant Warden Donald McNeal, edged out other competitors for a high score of 143 points to take the overall winner's spotlight.

The event, staged at the prison's feed lot and ranch (formerly the site of East Louisiana State Hospital's dairy) on Highway 10, provided enjoyment for everyone. Inmates and employees worked through the day to set up the press and announcer booths, concession stands,

tables, and bleachers. The Dixon Jackpot Cutting event was sponsored by a joint venture of Dixon Correctional Institution and Prison Enterprises.—*Straight Low*, Dixon Correctional Institute

CUTS MAY CLOSE WORK-RELEASE CENTER

CLOSING THE CHARLESTON Work Release Center is one of the cuts proposed by the Division of Corrections to comply with the governor's 4% spending reduction.

"It could happen if we don't find a way to offset the cuts," Gen. Joseph Skaff, Secretary of Public Safety, said Tuesday.

However, Skaff said he is trying to get a supplemental appropriation from the legislature.

—*The New Penscope*, West Virginia Penitentiary
continued on page 35

WOMEN IN JEOPARDY

LAST AUGUST BOBBIE MAHIN, caseworker and therapist at SSD, invited the director of the Women in Jeopardy program at the Salt Lake Y.W.C.A. to visit SSD and tell Revamp members what W.I.J. does to help victims. Debra Daniels told inmates how her program helped battered women and children by giving them someplace to stay when violence occurred in the home. The inmates were both touched and impressed with Ms. Daniels and began a drive to donate money to the sadly underfunded program.

Roger Bon, the resident Longhair Litigator over prison hair standards, offered to shed his long revered locks and sport a quarter inch crew-cut if the funds raised exceeded \$2500—the amount needed to balance W.I.J.'s books because of budget cuts. That tiny bit of incentive got the proverbial ball rolling.

On September 7th, SSD members got together and sponsored a marathon run to raise some badly needed money. Over eighty members, combined between Merit, Revamp, and the Advantage programs, donated by pledging "Money Per Lap or Mile." The donations ranged from between \$.25 per mile to \$5 per mile; some men from the facility donated flat sums ranging from \$10 to \$100.

Runners for the event were Frank Lupinacci, Stefan VanDam and Scott Shaffer. Frank managed to run twenty and one-half miles before keeling over, while VanDam went out a half-mile earlier. Scott Shaffer went his pledged ten miles without complaint.

The men were proud of the four hundred plus dollars raised in the effort.

"The Women in Jeopardy Program is our adopted charity," one Revamp member said. "The program provides counseling, classes, and temporary housing for women and children who are battered and in danger of continued abuse. Over one thousand children are impacted by the Program each year."

Another inmate added, "I can never pay back enough for the troubles I have caused my victims, but I have made a commitment to do what I can and donate \$5 a month to the Women in Jeopardy Program. They help women and kids who are in danger from men like me. I was like one of those kids when I was growing up. This is one of the many things that I can do to help in victim reparation."

These are the words of only two men, but the feelings of most men in the Merit, Revamp, and Advantage programs at SSD. Their joint contributions did exceed 2500 dollars when the three programs came together and helped the W.I.J. Program.

It was remarkable to see such commitment to another just cause from the men at the Special Services Dormitory. Incidentally, Roger Bonn was happy to lose his hair. "Then again, the wind gets in my ears," he said.

COMMISSARY LIST

Art & Paper

Brush 1171 3/8 flat	2.70
Brush 675-10 round	3.12
Brush 675-4 round	1.60
Brush 7200-4 Fan	3.90
Brush 801-1 Liner	1.36
Colored Pencil	1.51
Drawing Pad 340-11 11x14	7.14
Drawing Pad 340-9 9x12	5.16
Eraser	.43
Paint Jo Sanjas, blk, blu, umbr raw, red earth, yllw lt.	3.60
Paints, ceramcoat, umbr bmt, cactus flower	2.39
Delta burnt umbr, cac flr, hol red, pine gm, titan white	2.39
Palette paper	5.39
Paper, Cambridge 8.5x11	1.37
Paper Legal 8.5x11 & 8.5x14	1.19
Paper, Lined 100ct	1.37
Paper, Type 200ct	1.38
Pen, Bic med pt 2pk	.67
Pencil, #2 3pk	.43
Pencil, charcoal	.58
Pencil Sharpener	.50

Chips

Cheese Puffs	1.69
Corn Chips	1.79
Crunch Cheese Curls	1.40
Mamacita Ranch/Nacho Cheese	1.48
Ripple	1.33
Sour Crm./Gr. Onion	1.67
Country Crisp/16 oz	2.54
"/8oz	1.67

Corn Round

Pretzel Twist	1.08
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Crackers

Granola Bars Chcp	.26
Keefe Snack	1.73
Bacon Flavor	2.12
Honey Grahams	2.56
Premium Low Salt	1.68
Saltines 16oz (inferior)	1.73
Wheat Thins	2.12

Dips and Spreads

CC Picante	1.58
Cheese Spread Bacon, Jalpeno, Shrp	1.58
Honey Bear Flt 12	1.18
Hot Sauce	.54
Jalapeno Bean	1.36
Jelly Grape	1.44
Peanut Btrr Chunck/Creamy	2.40
Salad Dressing	1.31

Cookies

Choc Oatmeal Walnt	1.63
M.A. Ginger Snaps	1.18
M.A. Macaroons	1.62
Mother Animal	1.63
Mother Choc Chip	1.67
Mother Dbl Fudge/Dup Cream	1.34
Mother Oatmeal	1.63
Mrs. A. Peanut Btrr	1.43
Mrs. A. Pecan 21oz	1.73
Vanilla Wafers	1.07

Candy

3 Musketeers	.47
Amer Lic Mixed	1.42
Certs—Cinnamon, Mixed Fruit, Ppprmt	.38
Sprmint, Wtgreen—reg & sgr free	1.06
Fiddle Faddle Almnd/Pnt	2.72
Fun Size 3 Musket/Snickers	1.20
Hot Tomales 8oz	1.32
Jawbreakers 8oz	.90
Jelly Beans 8oz	1.26
Jolly Rancher Asst/Fire 8oz	.46
Lemon Drops 4.5 oz	.96
Lemon Drops 8oz	1.42
Licorice Bites Red	

Life Savers—Trop Frt, 5 Flavor	
Ppmnt, Wintgrm	.26
M&M Plain & Peanut, Mars, MilkyWay,	
Hershey's Almond/Milk, Mounds,	
Nesltes Crunch, Snicker's, PnBtr,	
Pay Day, Reese's Cups, 5th Ave,	
BRuth, Bnrlng, Alm Joy, Symphony	.37
Popcorn Preppopped	1.12
Popcorn MicWave	.43
Rootbr Barrels 8oz	1.20
Salt Water Taffy 8oz	1.14
Starlite Minis8oz	1.08
Sug Free Sorbee 8oz	2.40
Tootsie Roll Mni 8oz	1.56
Twizzlers Black/Red	.70

Nuts

Cashew Pieces	2.94
Delight Mix, Hny Rst Pnts, Pstchios	2.40
Rst Salted Peanuts	1.50
Sunflower Knl	.96
Trail Mix	1.62

Drinks

Coffee Keefe FzDry	1.62
Coffee Sanka DCf	.10
Coffee Tasters	4.49
Coffee Creamer	1.32
/* Coffee Mug/lid	1.32
Gatorade Lem/Org	1.51
Hot Choc Keefe	1.18
Ht Chc Sug Free 25	5.52
Keefe Brkfst Drink	1.22
Tang Brkfst bag	1.58
Koolaid 6oz—Cherry, Grape, Trop	.77
Milk, dry	3.02
Postum Individual	.08
Crystal Lt Citrus & Fruit Pnch	3.42
Ch Coke, Coke, DCoke, DDr, Pep,	
Dr. Pep, Pepsi, ChPep, DPep, RtBeer, Sprite	.44
Tea—Herb Lipton, Org, Cin-Apple,	
Moon Mint	1.87
Tea Keefe 100	2.84
Tea Keefe/lemon	1.43
Tea Lipton bags 16	.86
Nestea w sugar	3.20
V-8 Spicy/Reg	.60
C&H sugar cubes	1.26
Sugar Twin	1.38
Equal	3.74

Meat

Beaneec Weenee	.86
Beef Jerky HiCntry	1.73
Beef Stk Keefe Teri, BBQ, Hot	.70
Beef Stick Dbl	.58
Beef Stick Single	.64
Beef Summer Sausg	.96
Beefaroni	.89
Buffalo Jerky	1.44
Clams Crown Prince	1.64
Kipper Beef Stk BBQ, Hot, Teri, Reg	.92
Kippared Snacks	.80
Lasagna	.89
Oysters	1.72
Pepperoni Stick	.64
Potted Meat	.46
Ravioli McrWave	.89
Roast Beef Dnty M	2.17
Sardines Oil 3 3/4 oz	.83
Spaghetti/Beef	.77
Spaghetti/meat McW	.89
Spam 7 oz	1.57
Tuna oil or water 6.5 oz	.90
Vienna Saus Armor	.76
Vienna Saus Libby	.70

Bottled/Packaged

Bag O Noodles or Rice	.38
Chili	.80
Molly McButter	1.62
Mrs. Dash	2.09
Oatmeal Inst 10pk	3.02
Peppers, Jalapeno	1.31
Pickle, Mild/Hot Dill	

Soups

Cup of noodles Beef	.64
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Cup of noodles Chick, Crab, Shrpm	.65
Chew	
Beachnut	1.87
Copenhagen, Hawkin	2.80
Red Man	1.87
Skoal LgCt Class, Mint, Str. Wint, FinCt	2.80

Cigarettes

Buglar Kit	11.14
Buglar Pouch	.84
Camel Filter Ctn	18.88
Camel Filter	1.75
Camel Lights Ctn	18.88
Camel Lights	1.75
Camel Studs Ctn	18.88
Camel Studs	1.75
Cpt Black Gold	2.90
Half n Half	1.67
Kool Ctn	18.88
Kool	1.75
Marlboro 100 Ctn	16.15
Marlboro 100	1.79
Marlboro Lights Ctn	18.88
Marlboro Lights	1.61
Marlboro	1.75
Marlboro Reds Ctn	18.88
Prince Albert Pch	1.38
Prince Albert 1.5oz	1.34
Pyramid NonFil Ctn	14.09
Pyramid NonFil	1.31
Q Seal Menthol	.95
Q SureFine MenLi	.92
Q SureFine Fl Kn Ctn	9.38
Q SureFine Fl Kn	.91
Q SureFine Lt Kn Ctn	9.31
Q SureFine LtKn	.94
Q SureFine LtKnM Ct	9.31
Q SureFine LtKnM	.94
Q SureFine Stud Ctn	9.31

Cigar

Garcia Vega 5pk	2.12
Swicher Cigarillo	1.00
Tijuana Smalls Aro.	1.34
Tijuana Smalls Reg	1.40
Wolf Crooks	1.93

Pipe

Cleaners	.70
Dr Grabow Filter	.41
Grabow GrndDuke	8.88
Grabow Riviera	6.80
Grand Duke	6.91
Royal Duke	8.88
Savoy Pipe	8.88

Personal Items

Asprin, Anacin/Bayer ea	.24
Blistex	2.40
Bowl with lid	.48
Can opener, easy use	.73
Can opener, miracle roll	1.03
Cards, Pinochle or Poker	1.96
Chapstick, cherry/reg	.80
Cold Cream, Ponds Lem	4.00
Turns—pkg of three tubes	1.75
Tylenol extra strngth 2ea	.24

Shampoo/Conditioner

Crawford Balsum/prin	.56
Finesse	3.08
Head & Shoulders	3.71
Pert Plus	2.87
Proline	1.12
Proline, soft & sheen	1.98
Balsam proteiin	1.20
Heritage	1.44
Finesse	3.08
Proline, Coconust oil	1.92

Lotion

Copperton, Suntan spf4	5.99
Crawford, baby oil	.66
Crawford Cocoa Butter	.50
Crawford Skin Care	.56
Heritage, baby oil	.74
Heritage Cocoa Butter	1.82
Heritage Skin Care	1.51
Mennen Cocoa Butter	2.28

Noxema Tube	2.59
Noxema Skin Cream	2.46
Sunblock gel #25	6.30
Vaseline Int. Care	2.34
Mennen A/P, or reg Deod, musk, spice,	
fresh scent, sport, sport, sport talc	2.65
Mennen bath talc	2.90
Mennen Foot Powder	3.66
Mennen Quinsana Pdr	2.20
Mentholatum Deep Hi	2.74
Murine eye drops	2.78
Shwr to Shwr Talc	2.76

Soap

Camay	1.08
Coast	.78
Dove Unscented	1.13
Irish Spring	.64
Jegens Medicated	1.74
Zest	.78
Soap Box, 2 piece	.50

Toothpaste etc.

Toothbrush, s. m. h	1.21
Effergrip cream	2.52
Fixodent Adhesive	4.75
Polident Tabs	1.92
Sensodyne paste, mint	4.44
Sensodyne 2.1	3.83
Fasteeth	4.32
Colgate	1.82
Crest Tartar	2.58

Vitamins

Amino Acid	2.39
B Complex	3.74
Bee Pollen 100mg	3.95
C 30s	2.27
E 1000 IU	5.68
Leicithin caps	3.42
Sports Multi	4.19
Wheat Germ cap	3.31
Wheat Germ oil	3.31
Zinc 50mg	2.36
Zink B.E.C.	3.76

Misc

Alarm clock	9.72
Ash tray	.95
Calculator Desktop	9.30
Calculator Dsktp xl1203	5.05
Calculator, Scientific	19.08
Cough drops	.43
Fan	25.95
Flatware	.23
Fly swatter	.48
Matches, book 50s	.65
Nail clipper, no file	.43
Envelope, Stamped	.32
Envelope, Large	.22
Hair Blue	1.14
Hair Brush, mens	1.14
Hanger	.42
Lock, combination	4.80
Needles	.86
Rectangular Mirror	1.79
Scissors, blunt 2"	.90
Shower thongs	.97
/* Shower slippers	3.84
Sunglasses, clip on	1.80
Sunglasses, ocean pro	4.50
Thread, blk, wht, nvy	.67
Towel, blue	6.66
Washcloth	.60

Shaving Gear

Atra Plus Razor	3.74
Blades Atra 5's	3.66
Blades, Trac II 5's	3.54
Razor, Gillette Sensor	3.82
Sensor Blades	4.49
Good News Razor 3pk	1.79
Trac II Razor	5.20
Shave Brush Black Max	7.51
Shave Cream Magic Tb	2.58
Shaving Brush Evrddy	7.51
Shaving Cream brshless	1.34
Shaving Soap	.98



It's WORTH IT To INCREASE YOUR VERBAL STRENGTH

INTRODUCTION

AN EXTENSIVE VOCABULARY CAN increase your confidence and build your self esteem. Expressing your thoughts and ideas intelligently will attract people's attention and they will listen to you. A wise man once said, "Knowledge is power; lack of knowledge is lack of power." With that in mind, we present the first edition of "Verbal Strength." We will provide the words, usage and parts of speech. You will select the answer from four alternatives. Learn the definitions and your vocabulary will grow. The following familiar words deal with the legal system.—*Russ Hoffmann*

1. habitual (ha-bi-chu-al) *adj.* A. environment B. regular or steady C. partition D. large number
2. defendant (de-fen-dant) *n.* A. offspring B. forceful C. accused person D. friendship
3. revocation (re-vuh-kay-shun) *n.* A. canceling or withdrawing B. occupation C. genuine D. sight-seeing
4. contraband (con-tra-band) *adj.* A. prohibited B. rebel group C. musical group D. loud
5. violation (vy-oh-lay-shun) *n.* A. musical instrument B. flower C. healthy D. infraction or breach
6. parole (puh-rohl) *n. v.* A. money B. stiff C. conditional freedom D. build up
7. incarceration (in-car-ser-ay-shun) *adj.* A. imprisonment B. dull C. second life D. magic spell
8. prosecution (prah-see-kyu-shun) *n.* A. hide B. court action C. electricity D. cut short
9. allegation (al-i-gay-shun) *n.* A. swamp animal B. change direction C. statement D. do away with
10. terminate (ter-mih-nate) *v.* A. airport B. insect C. tear apart D. bring to an end
11. victim (vihk-tuhm) *n.* A. rodent B. distasteful C. defeat D. injured person
12. motive (moh-tihv) *n.* A. resist B. reason for doing C. artful design D. closed in
13. restitution (res-tih-tuh-shun) *n.* A. to give back B. musical number C. unselective D. two-sided object
14. rehabilitation (re-ha-bi-li-tay-shun) *n.*

- A. period of sleep B. style C. correct or restore D. examine
15. interim (in-ter-im) *adj.* A. new doctor B. temporary C. inside the body D. misleading
16. aggravating (ag-rah-vay-ting) *v.* A. farming method B. make worse C. type of beam D. proud
17. mitigating (mih-tih-gay-ting) *v.* A. moving around B. severe headache C. collect D. make less severe
18. recidivism (re-sih-dih-vis-im) *n.* A. home B. partial payment C. slope D. repeated event
19. affidavit (af-ih-day-viht) *n.* A. positive B. wealthy C. statement D. repeated event
20. matrix (may-trix) *n.* A. gives origin or form B. old woman C. marriage vow D. gadget

ANSWERS

1. habitual—B. regular or steady, done by habit; as in *He was a habitual liar.* Latin: habitus (under habit)
2. defendant—C. a person accused of a crime or being sued in a lawsuit; as in, *The defendant is found not guilty.* Latin: defendere (ward off)
3. revocation—A. the act of revoking, repeal, canceling; as in, *you have a right to a revocation hearing.* Latin: revocare (call back)
4. contraband—A. prohibited, against the law, smuggled goods; as in, *The black market deals in contraband.* Latin: contra (against)
5. violation—D. infraction or breach, use of force; as in, *It was a violation of his constitutional rights.* Latin: violare (violence)
6. parole—C. conditional freedom or word of honor; as in, *After serving time, he was put on parole. He gave his parole not to escape.*
7. incarceration—A. imprisonment or confinement; as in, *Incarceration is not always the answer.* Latin: incarcerare (confined)
8. prosecution—B. undertaking court action or carrying out plans; as in, *The prosecution of the man led to his imprisonment.* Latin: prosecutus (to pursue)

9. allegation—C. a statement usually made without proof; as in, *During the hearing they brought up the allegation of theft.* Latin: allegation (send a message)
10. terminate—D. bring to an end, to finish; as in, *She decided to terminate the meeting.* Latin: terminari (to end)
11. victim—D. a person who is injured or suffers a loss; as in, *It looked like he was a victim of foul play.* Latin: victima (injured person)
12. motive.—B. a thought or feeling that makes a person act; as in, *Her motive for leaving was a desire to travel.* Latin: movere (to move)
13. restitution—A. giving back what has been taken, making good any loss, damage or injury; as in, *The amount of restitution will be decided later.* Latin: restituere (restore, replace)
14. rehabilitation—C. correct or restore, make over in a new form; as in, *There are many forms of rehabilitation.* Latin: rehabilitare (have again)
15. interim—B. a temporary decision or arrangement; as in, *This will be an interim decision, until further notice.* Latin: interim (in the meantime)
16. aggravating—B. to make worse or more severe; as in, *The loud noise was aggravating her headache.* Latin: aggravare (to make heavier)
17. mitigating—D. to make less severe or more bearable; as in, *There are mitigating factors involved.* Latin: mitisare (make gentle)
18. recidivism—D. a repeated or continuous relapse; as in, *The rate of recidivism is very high.* Latin: recidivus (fall back)
19. affidavit—C. a statement written down and sworn to be true; as in, *The facts are outlined in the affidavit.* Latin: affidavit (stated on oath)
20. matrix—A. that which gives origin or form to something enclosed within it; as in, *The Board doesn't always follow the matrix.* Latin: matrix (womb)

Scoring: 10 - 13 good
14 - 17 excellent
18 - 20 exceptional



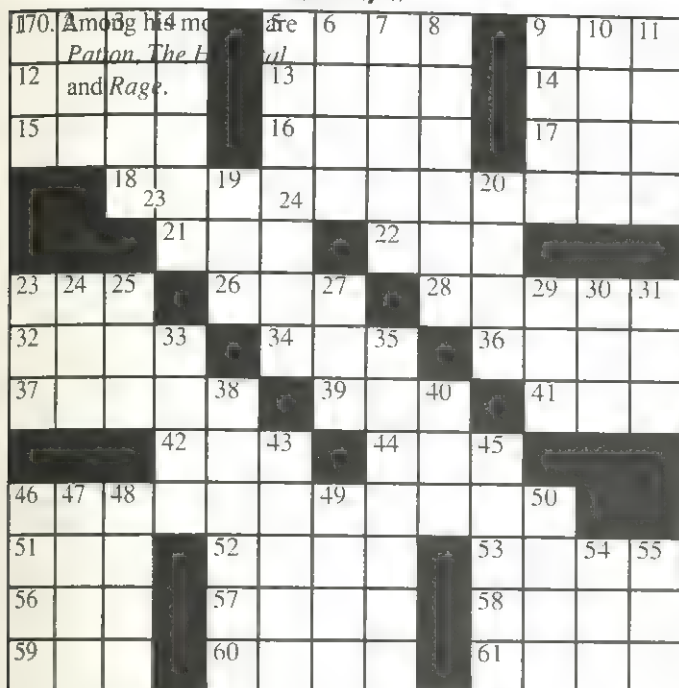
TRIVIA MANIA

Movies— Leading Men

135. He has been called the premier Post-Depression tough guy for his minimal aggressive heroes. His films included *Destination Tokyo*, *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, and *Force of Evil*.
136. He reached the peak of his popularity in the 20s as Garbo's leading man. His films include *The Merry Widow*, *La Boheme*, and *Queen Christina*.
137. His depiction of anxiety-ridden non-heroes made him a major star in the 70s. His film credits include *The Long Good-Bye*, *Getting Straight*, and *I Love My Wife*.
138. Who stood on a box for many of his love scenes in order to be taller than his leading lady?
139. What was James Dean's last film?
140. This muddled horror movie, *Curse of the Crimson Altar*, was his last screen appearance.
141. He played a self-righteous policeman in *Detective Story*.
142. Their late-sixties film, *Easy Rider*, turned them both into stars.
143. He starred in films such as *Blessed Event* and *Blonde Bombshell* and was primarily known for his ability to talk fast and deliver snappy lines.
144. Name the four famous members of the Bowery Boys, who had previously been Dead End Kids.
145. Who is the oldest actor to win an Oscar?
146. Who was the first choice for Marlon Brando's role in *On The Waterfront*?
147. What actor holds the record for Oscar nominations with no wins?
148. He played strong supporting roles in westerns such as *Drums Along the Mohawk* and *Hondo*, but came to fame on TV's *Wagon Train* series.
149. Name the first male actor to grace the cover of McCall's Magazine in over 100 years.
150. In what movie did Clifton Webb make his acting debut?
151. Can you name the actor best remembered for his portrayal of the Wolf Man?
152. These two actors are considered art experts.
153. He won an Academy Award for his performance as Maggio in *From Here to Eternity*.
154. He first came to public attention as the child molester in Fritz Lang's classic "M."
155. He played the villain in the 1919 horror film *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*.
156. Although he is primarily remembered for his tough-guy roles, one of his most loved films is the musical *Yankee Doodle Dandy*.
157. He starred in a variety of tough-guy films including *Call Northside 777* and *Tony Rome*.
158. Who starred in the 1951 Hitchcock suspense film *Strangers on a Train*?
159. Before he ventured into TV, this man starred in musicals such as *Born to Dance* and *Red Garters*.
160. He gave life to the straw hat, the song, "Louise" and musicals such as *Gigi*, and *Follies Bergere*.
161. His films include *The Inspector General* and *White Christmas*.
162. Who played Stanley Cedric Hardwicke's Livingston in the 1939 film of the famous encounter?
163. Who starred in the film version of *Prince Valiant*?
164. Name the co-stars in the classic, *Citizen Kane*.
165. Who was *The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit*?
166. He counted among his leading ladies Elizabeth Taylor, Olivia De Havilland, Katharine Hepburn, Shelley Winters, and Marilyn Monroe. Who was he?
167. Name the movie Clift was filming at the time of his famous car accident.
168. He played the kept-boy of an aging ex-star in a Billy Wilder movie. Who was he?
169. Who was the mule's sidekick in six of the seven *Francis the Talking Mule* movies?



EASY c/w



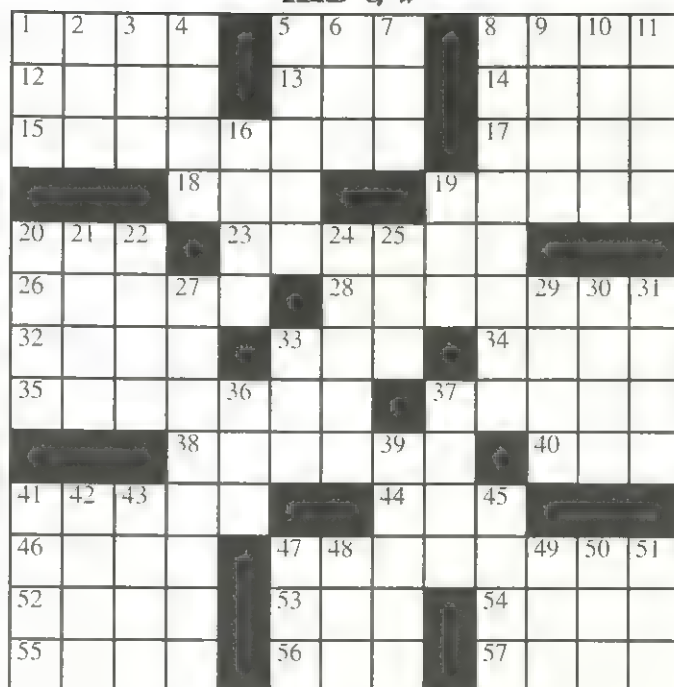
Across

1. Architect Christopher
5. Signs
9. Bikini part
12. Operatic princess
13. Flat-bottomed boat
14. Slippery fish
15. Byway
16. Common vetch
17. Compass direction: abbr.
18. Sly TV personality: 3 wds.
21. Jamaican liquor
22. The Heart of Dixie: abbr.
23. Paddle
26. Hobo
28. '60s demonstration: hyph.
32. Type of dive
34. Madam's mister
36. Gentle essayist?
37. Wences for one
39. Dukakis' party: abbr.
41. Farm sound
42. New Deal agency: abbr.
44. _____ culpa
46. Howling good novelist: 2 wds.
51. Uncooked
52. Scorch
53. Short news report
56. *Diamonds _____ Forever*
57. Kennedy and Danson
58. Like an *avis*?
59. Sorority token
60. Dagger of old
61. Jacob's brother

Down

1. Major conflict
2. _____ de Janeiro
3. Dutch cheese
4. Lowest point
5. Narrow strip of land
6. Sports organization: abbr
7. '88 Olympics site
8. Crescendos
9. Complaint
10. "Splitsville"
11. Role for 18-Across
19. Rookie reporter
20. Pokey
23. CIA forerunner: abbr.
24. Wonder
25. Sped
27. Night or day start
29. Restaurant bill
30. "_____ Yankee doodle dandy": 2 wds.
31. Dr. J's place: abbr.
33. Standard
35. Contrition
38. Counterpunches, perhaps
40. Blanc or Tormé
43. Pale
45. Blazing
46. Golf hazard
47. Spy née Zelle
48. _____ Stanley Range (New Guinea mountains)
49. Slog (through)
50. Greek letters
54. Period
55. Half a Kenyan tribesman

Hard c/w

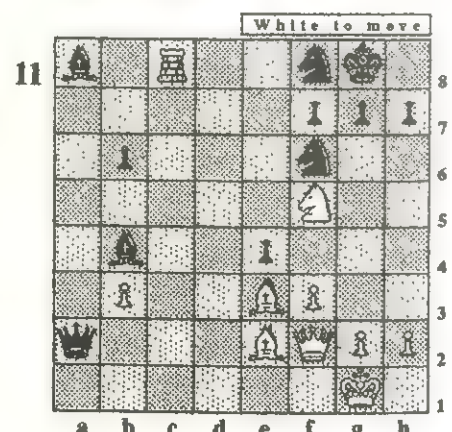
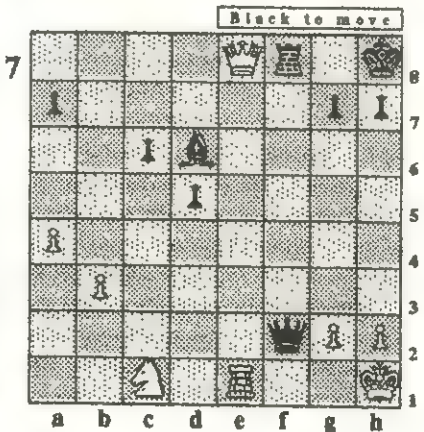
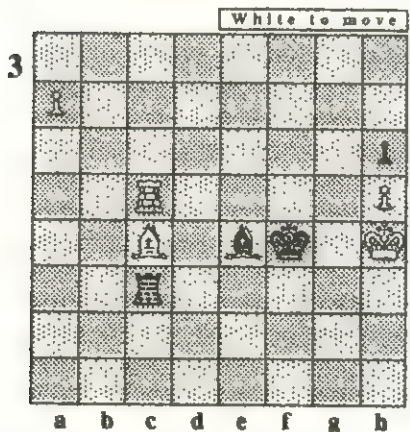
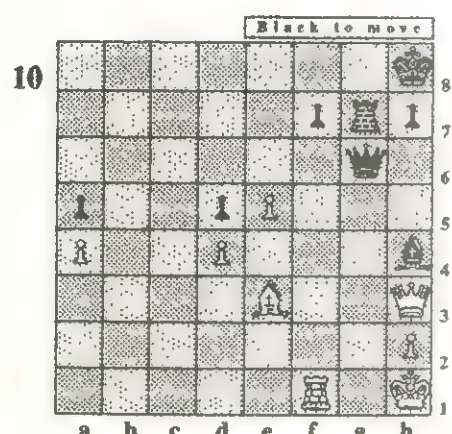
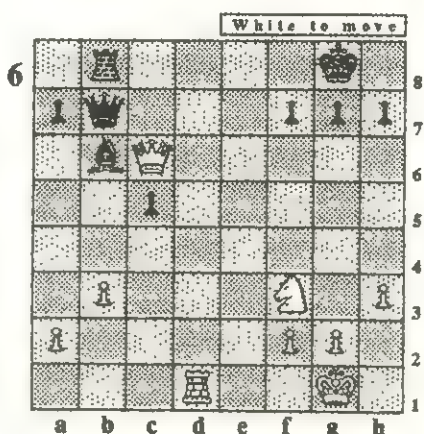
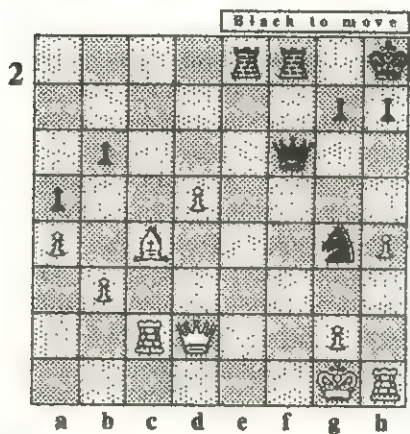
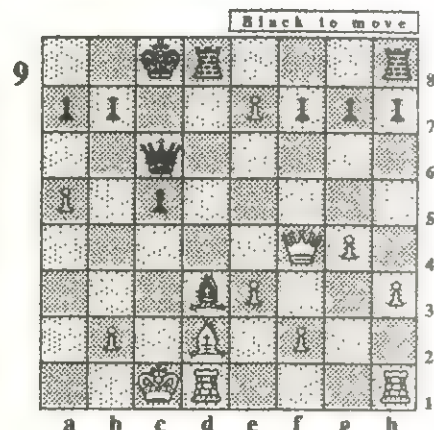
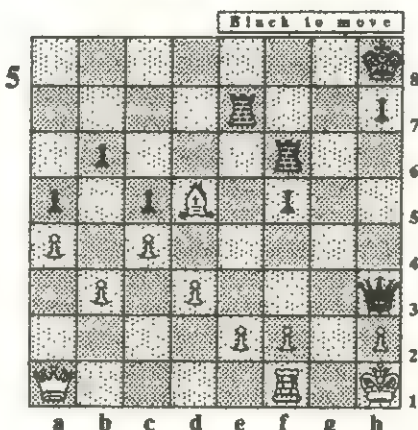
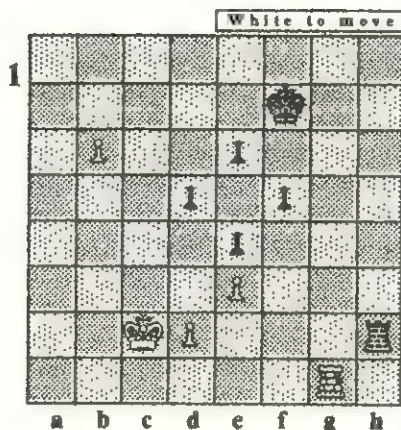
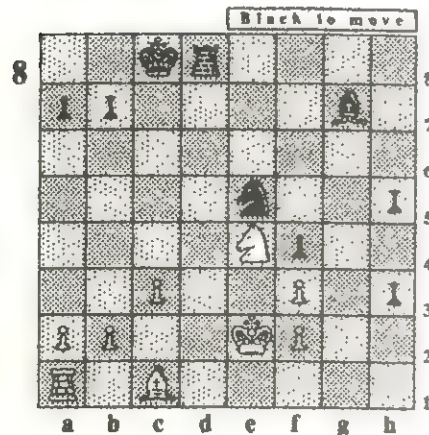
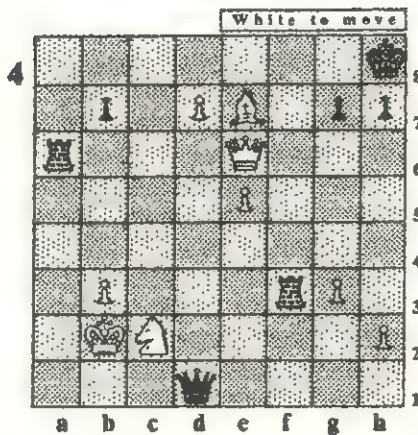
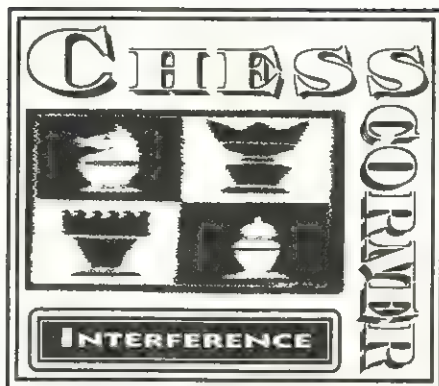


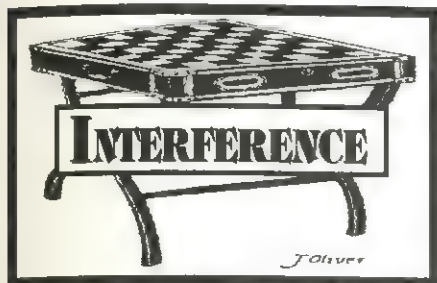
Across

1. Branch
5. Supermodel Carol
8. Prune
12. Musical stew
13. MGM mascot
14. Diet successfully
15. ESCAPE: 2 wds.
17. Creator of Della and Perry
18. _____ Francisco
19. Jury, e.g.
20. Cabaret performance
23. Ambrosia complement
26. *West Side Story* gang member
28. Rested
32. Lima's nation
33. Actor Carmichael
34. Loosen
35. Substitute: hyph.
37. Make amends
38. Flicka, for one
40. Prohibit
41. Hector
44. Shoe widths
46. Frost
47. ESCAPE: 2 wds.
52. Opposed
53. Postal abbr.
54. Taj Mahal site
55. Outdo
56. Some roll-call responses
57. Block of paper

Down

1. _____ Angeles
2. Breed
3. Twice DI
4. Struts: sl.
5. Unaccompanied
6. Ayres of the movies
7. Heavy weight
8. ESCAPE: 2 wds.
9. Forsaken, to a bard
10. Wight or Man
11. Rind
16. McNamara of the comics
19. Baby food
20. Vipers
21. Huntley or Atkins
22. GWTW site
24. Whooping bird
25. Olympic perfection
27. ESCAPE: 3 wds.
29. Haughty one
30. Ferber of fiction
31. Active one
33. Clockface numeral
36. Thirsty
37. Yemeni capital
39. *Revenge of the _____*
41. Captain of the *Pequod*
42. Zilch
43. Old D.C. team
45. Headliner
47. Prosecute
48. Flying saucer
49. Ripen
50. "Miss Peach" lad
51. ESCAPE





1. Mike DePlonty played White in this game. Black's intent was to answer a push of the b-Pawn by placing his Rook on h8, but White had other ideas. 1. Rg8! controlling the last rank. 1... Kxg8 and Black's own King blocks his Rook. With 2. b7 Black is helpless. He resigned after another six moves.

2. Once again Deplonty's Rook gets in the way of his opponent's pieces. 1... Re2! 2. Qxe2 (If 2. Bxf2 Qf2 is mate.) 2... Qd4+ 3. Qf2 Rxf2 and White resigned.

3. Tom Ossana played White in this recent game. 1. Bd5! This beautiful move intercepts the Black Bishop's control over the Queening square. 1... Ra3 (If 1... Bxd5 2. Rxc3, or if 1... Rxc5 2. Bxe4 and White will Queen.) 2. a8=Q Rxa8 3. Bxa8 Bxa8 and White won.

4. Victor P., who played White, submitted this position. 1. Qd6! Qxd6 (Or 1... Rxd6) 2. exd6 Ra8 (If 2... Rxd6 3. Bxd6 Rd3 4. c5.) 3. d8=Q Rxd8 4. Bxd8 and White won.

5. Victor P. played Black in this game. 1... Rg7! 2. Rg1 (If 2. Qxf6 Qxf1 mate.) 2... Qxh2+ 3. Kxh2 Rh6 mate.

6. I played White in this game. 1. Rd8+! Rxd8 (If 1... Bxd8 2. Qe8 mate.) 2. Qxb7 with a winning attack.

Basic Notation

This column uses algebraic notation. Each horizontal row of squares is called a *rank* and numbered from White's side of the board. Each vertical row of squares is called a *file* and is given a lower case letter starting with White's left-hand side. Thus the board becomes an eight-by-eight grid of sixty-four squares with one letter and one number to identify each square; by convention the letter is written first. Using this system the Black Queen begins at d8.

The pieces are represented as follows: K-King, Q-Queen, R-Rook, B-Bishop, N-Knight, Pawns are represented by the letter indicating the file they occupy—the White Queen-Rook's pawn is a2. Other symbols include x-capture, +-check, ++-double check, 0-0-castling Kingside, 0-0-0-castling Queenside, 2...-Black's second move, e.p.-*en passant*, !-a good but often not an obvious move, ...-bad move.

By going over each of this month's problems you will get a feel for the system.

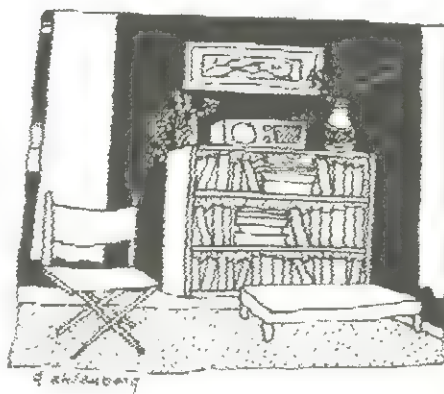
7. Mike Lee played this excellent interception move. 1... Be5! 2. Qxe5 (If 2. Qxf8+ Qxf8 and Black would still win.) 2... Qf1+ 3. Rxf1 Rxf1 mate.

8. KATEAEV - MARKOV, USSR 1997—This and the following examples are from master play. I chose this example because it so closely resembles Position #1. I have a feeling such possibilities often go unheeded in our games. 1... Rd1! and White resigned. (If 2. Kxd1 h2!)

9. NORDSTROM - VENNERSTROM, Yugoslavia 1964—1... Rd4! 2. exd4 (If 2. Qe5 f6.) 2... Qa4. White resigned.

10. HALBBAUER - MANDEL, E. Germany 1952—1... Bf2! White resigned. (If 2. Rxf2 Qg1 is mate, or if 2. Bxf2 Qe4+, or if 2. Qc8+ Rg8 3. Qxg8 Kxg8 4. Rxf2 Qe4+ 5. Rg2+ Kf8 6. Bg1 Qf3 7. Bf2 Qa3.)

11. OSNOS - DELY, Hungary 1965—1. Bc5! and Black resigned. (If 1... Bxc5 2. Qxc5! bxc5 3. Ne7+ Kh8 4. Rxf8+ Ng8 5. Rxc8 mate. Or if 1... Bxc5 2. Qxc5! N6d7 3. Qxf8! Nxf8 4. Ne7+ etc.)



The Easy c/w solution

W	R	E	N		I	N	K	S		B	R	A
A	I	D	A		S	C	O	W		E	E	L
R	A	A	D		I	A	R	E		E	N	E
		M	I	C	H	A	E	L	J	F	O	X
			R	U	M		A	L	A			
O	A	R		B	U	M		S	I	T	I	N
S	W	A	N		S	I	R		L	A	M	B
S	E	N	O	R		D	E	M		B	A	A
			R	E	A		M	E	A			
T	H	O	M	A	S	W	O	L	F	E		
R	A	W		C	H	A	R		I	T	E	M
A	R	E		T	E	D	S		R	A	R	A
P	I	N		S	N	E	E		E	S	A	U



135. John Garfield
136. John Gilbert
137. Elliott Gould
138. Alan Ladd
139. *Giant*
140. Boris Karloff
141. Kirk Douglas
142. Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper
143. Lee Tracy
144. Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, Bobby Jordan, and Gabriel Dell
145. George Burns at age 80 for *The Sunshine Boys*
146. Frank Sinatra
147. Richard Burton with 7 nominations
148. Ward Bond
149. John Travolta
150. *Laura*
151. Lon Chaney, Jr.
152. Vincent Price and Edward G. Robinson
153. Frank Sinatra
154. Peter Lorre
155. Conrad Veidt
156. James Cagney
157. Richard Conte
158. Farley Granger and Robert Walker
159. Buddy Ebsen
160. Maurice Chevalier
161. Danny Kaye
162. Spencer Tracy
163. Robert Wagner
164. Orson Welles and Joseph Cotton
165. Gregory Peck
166. Montgomery Clift
167. *Raintree County*
168. William Holden
169. Donald O'Connor
170. George C. Scott

The Hard c/w solution

L	I	M	B		A	L	T		C	L	I	P
O	L	I	O		L	E	O		L	O	S	E
S	K	I	P	T	O	W	N		E	R	L	E
			S	A	N				P	A	N	E
A	C	T		N	E	C	T	A	R			
S	H	A	R	K		R	E	P	O	S	E	D
P	E	R	U		I	A	N		U	N	D	O
S	T	A	N	D	I	N		A	T	O	N	E
			F	R	I	E	N	D		B	A	R
A	N	N	O	Y		E	E	S				
H	O	A	R		F	U	R	N	T	A	I	L
A	N	T	I		R	F	D		A	G	R	A
B	E	S	T		Y	O	S		R	E	A	M

BRUCE CHATWIN

Continued from page 5

We stopped at various places along the way—Bryce Canyon, Zion's National Park, Grafton, Silver Reef, and Leeds. He was impressed with the latter when he learned that not only was it named for the English city with which he was familiar, but that it was the home of Butch Cassidy's uncle and the place where one of Butch's girlfriends, Ann Bassett, had died in 1956.

When we stopped in one of the small southern Utah towns, Bruce thumbed through the local telephone directory—something I had seen him do on other occasions—and was delighted when he discovered the name "Chatwin" listed. He insisted on visiting the family, unannounced, which he did, being graciously received by them, and he compared notes with them on the origins of their respective families. When we departed he wrote it all down in his ever-present legal pads, and the only comment he made was: "Incredible." Some years later in 1983, by which time he was famous and wrote his autobiographical essay for the *New York Times*, he made mention of this incident, which indicates the impact it must have made on him.

I left Bruce at the combination cafe-bowling alley-bus depot—"How typically American"—in St. George. He had plans to go to San Francisco and to examine the Jack London papers at U.C.L.A. Berkeley. He promised to write to me from various places during his travels, but I doubted that he would, for the remark had been casually made, almost as a platitude I thought. I still retain a mental image of Bruce's ruddy face in the bus window as he waved almost forlornly, then disappeared from sight. I drove the long miles back feeling unusually lonely—quite an unfamiliar experience for me. I felt, at the same time, elated, as though I had been to the top of Mount Athos in Greece, in the presence of something—or someone—great.

I didn't hear from Bruce for a long time, but he did write from Patagonia. Sometimes it was a hastily scribbled card or note, sometimes a lengthy and detailed letter, especially when he discovered something "marvelous" about Butch Cassidy. For Chulila, in the Chubut Valley of Argentina, he sent me a detailed account of his travels inland and his discovery of the house built by Butch, together with a photograph of it. He commented on how

much it resembled Butch's boyhood home at Circleville and demonstrated his architectural expertise by delineating points of significance in the design and construction of both houses. From Rio Pico and Commodoro Rivadavia he sent me accounts of robberies perpetrated by Cassidy and his "Bandidos Yanqui," together with interviews of eye-witnesses. From Punta Arenas, Chile, the southernmost city in the world, he sent me an account of Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, together with Etta Place, becoming members of the British Social Club before robbing the local bank. His letters were always filled with vivid descriptions of what he saw, felt, and experienced in the most fascinating and illustrative style. After some six months I heard no more from him until after his book, *In Patagonia*, appeared and was an instant success. I was immensely pleased with his references to me in the book.

Bruce told the story of Patagonia's natural and human history in a series of short, fascinating anecdotes, stories, and sketches, a trove of exotica compressed into 199 pages. He exhibited a gift for precise description: "The Cerro de los Indios was a lump of basalt, flecked red and green, smooth as patinate bronze and fracturing in linear slabs."

He also demonstrated an offbeat talent for presenting information, one of which methods I instantly recognized: "The history of Buenos Aires is written in its telephone directory. Pompey Romanov, Emilio Rommel, Crespina D.Z. de Rose, Ladislao Radziwill, and Elizabeta Marta Callman de Rothschild—five names taken at random from among the "R"s—told a story of exile, desolation, disillusion, and anxiety behind lace curtains."

The reviews of Bruce's first book told the story of his success:

"Mr. Chatwin makes a splendid guide because he is learned, humorous, and observant. He writes extremely well, and he is resolutely blind to the commonplace."—*Atlantic*, August 1978

"Mr. Chatwin is a marvelous storyteller—a miniaturist who packs dozens of odd tales, bizarre characters, and unforgettable scenes in the ninety-seven succinct chapters of his book, many of them barely a page in length. . . . He writes in a style that is alternately grave and comical but always precise and pictorial. . . . It is his gift for . . . writing about both society and

nature with an equally informed and distinguished eye that his book is so impressive and so pleasurable to read."—*New York Times* Book Review, July 30, 1978

The *Wall Street Journal* ranked the book as a "true delight" of the travel genre, on a par with the best travel books of Henry James, Rose Macaulay, Sybille Bedford, and Paul Theroux. *In Patagonia* brought Bruce the 1978 Hawthornden Prize of the British Society of Authors and the 1979 E. M. Forster Award of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

I saw Bruce again only once or twice before 1980. He spoke to me of a little old Spanish woman who lived at Comayagua, Honduras, who had once had a love affair with Butch Cassidy. This inspired me to make my own journey there the following year. The trip had a lasting effect upon my personal life, for I returned with a new bride whom I married at San Pedro Sula. Bruce sent me a card of congratulations with the notation: "You will never make a travel writer if you marry a girl in every country you visit—but I suppose it could make you a good Mormon."

Thereafter I received cards and letters from him from exotic locations all over the world. Some were lengthy and descriptive, others brief but informative, like this one from Dahomey, West Africa: "Kerry. Here I am at last in Dahomey. Accommodations deplorable; people wonderful. Bruce."

Bruce went to Dahomey to do research for his second book, *The Viceroy of Ouidah* (Jonathon Cape, Ltd. 1980), a biography of nineteenth-century Brazilian gaucho Francisco de Souza, who went to Dahomey, West Africa (now the People's Republic of Benin), in 1812 and, after helping a young prince seize power, was given the title of viceroy and a monopoly on the local slave trade. When he traveled to Benin to do research, Bruce was mistaken for a mercenary during their 1968 military coup and was briefly detained. I had a similar occurrence in Honduras, and I could not help but think our lives were again running parallel courses.

A minority of critics were repelled by Bruce's cool, terrifying detailing of violence and "cruel superstition" in the "tricky hybrid" of a book but most regarded the *Viceroy of Ouidah* as "lusciously exotic" and "vigorously visual."

The last time I heard from Bruce was during research for his third book, *On the Black Hill* (Jonathon Cape, Ltd. 1982), the

story of Benjamin and Lewis Jones, identical-twin Welsh farmers. The novel follows the bachelor brothers over a span of eighty years, from their birth in 1900 to 1980, and explores the almost mystical bond that from childhood on enables each to sense when the other is in pain and to experience the same sensations, memories, and dreams.

I felt convinced and extremely flattered that something Bruce and I had once discussed may have inspired the idea for *On the Black Hill*. Once, as we lay beneath a starry sky at night talking, I told Bruce the story of my father, Edward Boren, who was an identical twin, and who died at the age of 81 in 1975, the year I first met Bruce. I told him about my father's twin, Ezra, who froze his feet while walking between Green River, Wyoming, and Manila, Utah (as Bruce had done), and had one of his feet amputated, and how my father always claimed to feel pain in his own leg because of it. Bruce seemed to be fascinated by the concept and made notes about it in his yellow journals. My father, of course, was Irish, but as it happened his mother was Welsh, from the Black Hills of Wales originally, and her maiden name was Jones. I am convinced that this, coupled with Bruce's visit to Wales as a boy, was the inspiration for *On the Black Hill*.

Reviews for *On the Black Hill* were laudatory, as usual. The *New Yorker* (March 21, 1983) stated: "His studied style—with something in it of Hemingway's chiseled bleakness, and something of Lawrence's inspired swiftness—touches on the epic." *On the Black Hill* won Bruce the 1982 Whitbread Award of the Booksellers Association of Great Britain and Ireland.

After this time I never saw or heard from Bruce again. It wasn't his fault. I went traveling around the Mayan ruins in Central America between 1980 and 1982, and late in 1983, after I returned, my life took a downward plunge and I ended up at Utah State Prison. I never had the heart to write and tell Bruce where I was or where fate had taken me.

Once Bruce had mentioned his life-long interest in the aborigines of Australia. He said if he ever decided to go there he would like to accompany him. Maybe, had I not been in prison. . . .

With the notes made on his several expeditions through the "dry heart" of Australia, Bruce wrote *The Songlines*
Continued on page 36

THE RIDE

continued from page 9

"I don't know what to say. You mean what does he do? I don't know what he does. Sometimes he works, sometimes he travels . . . he hitchhikes a lot because he hates buses and won't own a car. It's hard to say what he is because it's not like he is a lawyer or is a mailman or is whatever—he isn't really anything. He's just Dwight."

Jarrold waits, then says, "You criticizing him or defending him?"

She sits on the bed. She takes a shaky breath and sighs. "You know when I saw him last? Four years ago. I'm in the hospital with appendicitis. Dwight appears in the middle of the night, stinking of farm animals, tells me he rode all the way from a ranch in Wyoming—on a horse."

"Jack Nicholson in a junkyard Buick," Harold says.

She nods. She walks to the closet and finds her shoes, then pads to the dresser for socks. There are tears in her eyes when she returns.

"Why does he upset you?"

"I don't know."

"You want me to throw him out, I'll throw him out," Jarrold says.

Toni blinks and wipes her cheek with a sock. Although he is glad he said it, Jarrold wonders how he would throw Dwight out of the house—Dwight must have a fifty pound advantage, and none of it appears to be fat.

"No, it's not like that," Toni says, sitting on the bed again. "It's just that sometimes I catch myself believing his stories, or wishing they were true. Sometimes I even wonder if he's right and I'm wrong, like I've got all these sophisticated tools and elaborate plans for scaling a mountain and Dwight's out there soaring in the clouds, landing on top whenever he wants . . . Anyway, he won't be here long. He's checking on me, making sure I'm okay."

Defending him, Jarrold decides. But why? Because she misses him, or misses what she thinks he represents in her? Except Dwight's a liar, and the trouble with a liar is that he creates his own reality and it is always better than your own. So maybe she isn't defending him, Jarrold thinks. Maybe she's

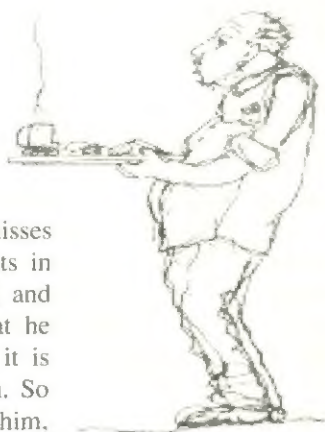
defending herself—even Jarrold feels threatened. This was their big move, coming to the mountains, leaving their stale histories in the cities below. And now Dwight arrives with his nutty fictive life to show them up, as if to prove to them that they had simply dragged along their old routines, combined them and set them up in a new but same old place.

The doorbell rings. As Jarrold reaches the bottom of the stairs, Dwight opens the door. Hank, a friend, stands on the porch. Hank squints at Dwight, slowly raising a hand to point at Dwight's chest, his mouth dropping open as he does. With a "Wow," he snaps his fingers.

"Dwight! *Isla Mujeres*. What was it—damn—five years ago?" He pumps Dwight's hand and steps inside. "Well, I'll be go to hell! You still got those leaky boats you rented out to tourists?" Hank, who is six-four and two-sixty, has Dwight by the shoulders now. He looks at Jarrold. "This guy saved my ass in Mexico. Snuck me off this island before the cops got me, drunk and out of order I think it was." To Dwight he says, "You ever find that Spanish galleon? What about that pretty señorita? Hey, how do you know Jarrold and Toni, anyway?"

Dwight explains that Toni is an old friend, that years ago they went to school together. Hank is amazed almost to tears. Hank is a bartender at a local pub. He is here because Jarrold offered him a job at the restaurant; today Jarrold will show him the layout, and Hank will decide by Monday. Dwight visits the kitchen and returns with the last two beers. Toni comes down the stairs just as Jarrold is walking out the door for a quick trip to the store.

A case of beer. This will be Jarrold's donation to the reunion. He and Toni must leave soon, but there is no need for Hank to see the restaurant today; tomorrow will be just as good. Driving into town, Jarrold wonders about Dwight's exploits in Mexico. What happened to his boats? The pretty señorita? What about that Spanish galleon? And Hank—who is older and half again Dwight's size and who



resembles everyone's big brother—all the while at the door Hank was gushing and waving his hands and practically kowtowing as if Dwight were a dream-world idol from the past . . . somehow this brings to mind a magazine article Jarrold once read about Jack Nicholson's house in Aspen, how Nicholson would spend much of his time there when not in Hollywood or on the road making a film.

Aspen—Jarrold need not remind himself but does anyway—is not far from Crested Butte, only one mountain range away. . . .

BACK AT THE HOUSE, TONI GREETES HIM AT the door with a familiar smirk. Jarrold once had mixed feelings about this smirk, partly because he never knew what she was thinking when it appeared, and also because it created in him the immediate and quite physical desire to carry her upstairs and find out. Now, however, he knows it is one of her private and more comfortable smiles; it is a sign that she is content, and in this case, Jarrold interprets it as an expression of something resolved, evidence that she has somehow decided, in the ten minutes that he has been gone, that she is a scaler, not a cloud-hopper. Probably because of Hank, the way Hank was fawning at Dwight, magnifying Dwight's lies. It occurs to Jarrold also, by the way she touches his arm as he steps into the house, that she has never smiled this way at anyone else, that this wonderful smirk is reserved for him—but now Hank is between them, grinning and yanking the case of beer from Jarrold's arm, tugging him to the living room. "Oh Man," he says, guffawing, "you got to hear this story!"

Dwight, who is sitting on the couch, lifts his jacket from a nearby chair. Jarrold notices that he has pulled on his boots and donned his wool cap. Dwight takes a beer from Hank, tilts it to his mouth, and winks at Jarrold. Jarrold knows that the story is—Dwight didn't have to wink—but somehow this curious gesture clears the air and binds Jarrold to what will follow: he is eager to hear the conclusion. Toni sidles up and takes his hand.

"So he comes out of the bank," Dwight says. "He's swinging this money bag that's tied around his wrist. I think, damn, maybe he did rob it, and now, sure as hell, we're both going to jail—except he'll get out because of who he is and I'll rot because of who I'm not. So I'm looking around,

waiting for an alarm or a siren or somebody to shoot us, when he calmly slides in the car and hands me the bag. I've got to check inside, so I do. It's stuffed with money. There must be, oh, forty, fifty grand in there, mashed in by the fistful. I say to him, 'Why rob a bank, rich guy like you?'

"'Rob it? What made you think thaaat?'" he says—you know, with the big toothy smile and the Jack Nicholson drawl—"You think I'm craayzee?" Then he tells me he's buying a ranch near Crested Butte and the owner wants part of the downpayment in cash. So he's bringing him cash.

"We drive north out of Gunnison, on our way to Crested Butte. It quits snowing and the sun comes out and I'm beginning to get used to the wind in my face. I'm even beginning to like this weird old car. I say, 'You drive apiece of junk like this in Hollywood?'

"He laughs and says no, his four-wheeler broke down coming off Monarch Pass and some kid loaned him the clunker and the goggles. Then he tells me about this house in Aspen, how he's tired of all the rich and ridiculous there, how it must be great out here where it's quiet.

"'So what will you do on this ranch,' I say, 'run cattle?'

"'Yaks,' he tells me. 'You know, those hairy cows from Tibet. Thought I'd start a yak butter business. Maybe put up some yurts and have yak treks in the mountains.'

"'Oh,' I say. And then we get to this ranch, which is beautiful, and the rancher, he's all uptight because Nicholson is late and the real estate man and the notary guy have already left and now he has to get them back out there. So Nicholson says to me, 'C'mon, I got time to run you into town.'

"So we cruise into Crested Butte. I tell Nicholson I'm here to visit a friend but don't know where she lives, so we find a bar where I can ask some questions. The waitress tried to be cool but I know she's gaga over Nicholson—she even shoots me a look like I'm his sidekick or a stunt man or somebody important. We order a beer and Nicholson says, 'You know anything about ranching?' I say, 'I know a lot about ranching.' He thinks for a minute, then says, 'Tell you what, I'll drop you at your friend's and come back in two hours and set up you with a job that's probably better than the one you got.' I think for a minute, then tell him, 'I don't have a job'—at which he smiles and then I smile and he

pays the tab and walk out to the car. Then we find the house and he lets me off on the corner." Dwight lifts the beer can to his mouth and guzzles, shifting his eyes from Hank to Toni. When he finishes, he grins broadly at Jarrold. "So here I am. . . ."

The silence, as they say, is deafening. Hank gawks at Dwight, Toni stares at the floor, and Jarrold seems to be caught somewhere between competing realities. Then everyone moves at once—Hank grabs a beer, Toni tells Jarrold they are late for work, and Dwight checks his watch, announcing that "Jack" will soon be by to pick him up.

Toni and Jarrold prepare to leave. Hank cannot believe that they are deliberately passing up the chance to meet Jack Nicholson, restaurant or no restaurant. Toni kisses Dwight on the cheek. As she opens the front door, she tells him to take care of himself, in a voice that reveals she has played the scene before, with that hollow sigh of exasperation that says it will be years before they meet again, and maybe just as well. Dwight smiles and thanks her for lunch. He shakes Jarrold's hand. "See you around," he says.

When Toni wishes to think instead of talk, she bows her head. Rather than gaze at the horizon or lock herself in a room somewhere, she looks down, at the floor or at her lap. There is no one emotion associated with this: Jarrold has watched her read a book without turning a page after a terrific phone call from her brother, and then a day later burn a hole in the rug in the controlled fit of anger over a bounced check from an obnoxious customer. And so, in the Jeep, on the way to the ski area, Jarrold drives and Toni studies her boots. It is a five minute ride to the restaurant, not much time, Jarrold realizes, to put her thoughts in order. What a strange person, this Dwight. How can he function with his fantasies? How, Jarrold wonders, has he avoided one or another form of institutional confinement thus far in his life?

Part way up the hill there is a bend in the road. From this high point there is a good view of the town for those who are traveling in the opposite direction, coming down from the ski area. Jarrold has a habit of checking the rear view mirror here, partly to see the traffic behind and partly for a passing glance at the toy buildings and bug cars in the white rows of their snow-covered village. Their last snowfall was ten days ago, so that many of

the roofs and all of the vehicles now show their original skin. Which is why he so readily notices the car in the mirror as it turns from the highway into town—it is covered with snow, at least a foot on the rear deck, as if having recently emerged from a blizzard. Toni sits up as Jarrold pulls to the side of the road and stops. "What's wrong," she asks, looking back to see what he sees. But the car is gone. In its place, or at least where it should be, there is a small black truck. Jarrold waits, scanning the highway and the town, but there is no sign of the snow-packed car; the street in front of their house is empty.

Toni looks at him. She smirks, and again he is relieved, maybe more than ever. But this time her eyes are playful, and suddenly he realizes she suspects him of highway lechery: once before, although not exactly here, he stopped and pawed her in a moment of laughter and desire. Now the smirk widens to a grin, and she throws her hands up in mock defense. When he reaches for her, she bats his arm away and pounces on him, cackling. It is hard to drive this way, but he manages to find first gear and coax the Jeep up the shoulder. Before he turns onto the highway, he checks the mirror one final time. There are no junkyard Buicks in sight.

And yet he could have sworn. . .

SOUTHPOINTS PORTS

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WASATCH SPORTS UPDATE

MARTIN GAAL'S VOLLEYBALL TEAM advanced to the winner's bracket by beating Billy Hawkins' team in the round robin tournament that began December 17. Two days later Dan Mortensen and his crew lost to the Marty Garcia team. On the 22nd Martin Gaal's team beat Marty Garcia, and on the 26th Dan Mortensen whipped the Billy Hawkins's team.

Donnie Rosenbaum captured first place

in the November 28 handball tournament. Ben Vigil won the ping-pong competition on December 5.

In the racquetball tournament on the 12th of December, Jazzy Jeff Reynolds, and Sylvester Sly Scott won the doubles match. Jack Speer, Clifton Yazzie, and Jesse Lovato finished first, second, and third in the pool competition on December 19th.

Only three teams competed in the five-on-five double elimination basketball tournament on December 26. The team of Albert Gray, Waddell Harper, Jazzy Jeff Reynolds, Sylvester Sly Scott, Anthony Nunn, and Pat Smith won the fierce competition.—*Russ Hoffmann*

February 1993

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
		Ground Hog Day				Full Moon
	1	2	3	4	5	6
					Lincoln's Birthday	Last Quarter
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Valentine's Day	Presidents Day					
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
Shrove Tuesday	Washington's Birthday	Ash Wednesday				
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28						

March 1993

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	First Quarter					
	1	2	3	4	5	6
	Full Moon					
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	Last Quarter	St. Patrick's Day				Spring Begins
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
		New Moon				
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
		First Quarter				
28	29	30	31			

NEWS BRIEFS

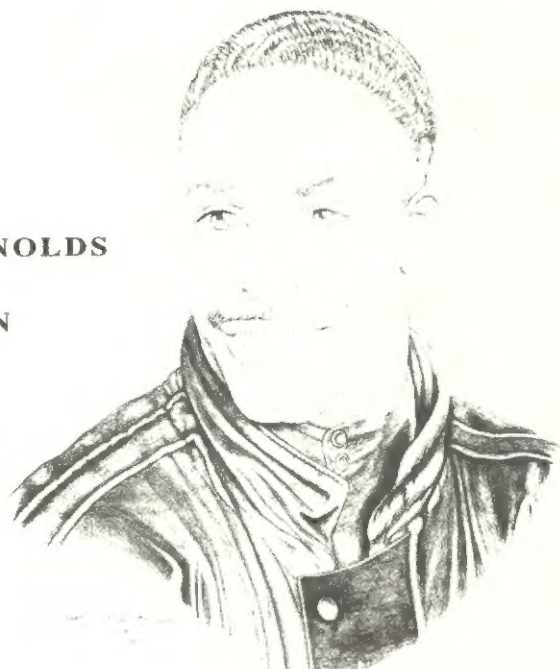
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COMMUNITY EDUCATION GRADUATION CEREMONY

THERE WAS A BIG TURNOUT AT THE graduation for Community Education held December 7 at the Oquirrh chapel. One Hundred twenty-seven inmates received graduation certificates from a variety of classes taught by inmate and outside volunteers. A very special "Thank You" goes to the volunteers who gave their time to teach interesting and educational classes. A special thanks goes to Elaine Fryer. Without her the Community Education program would not be where it is today. She has spent much time and effort putting together classes that are a real benefit to the inmates.

—*Russ Hoffmann*

PORTRAIT OF JEFF JAZZY REYNOLDS BY JEFF JACKSON



BRUCE CHATWIN

Continued from page 33

(Jonathon Cape, Ltd. 1987), in which the several journeys were compounded into one "imaginary dialogue" with one traveling companion. *The Songlines* was a best-seller in America, critics seeing in it the imprint of "a dazzlingly original mind."

Bruce saw two of his works made into motion pictures. *The Viceroy of Ouidah* was made into the film *Cobra Verde* in 1987, a loose adaptation by the German film-maker Werner Herzog. A meticulous screen adaptation of *On the Black Hill*, directed by Andrew Grieve and starring the Welsh actors and brothers Mike and Robert Gwilym, was released in 1988.

Bruce's next work was the novel *Utz*. Based on firsthand experience, *Utz* tells the story of a Czechoslovakian art dealer who is forced to leave his prized collection of Meissen porcelain behind when he escapes to the West. He had plans for many other novels, including one about a "political tightrope artist" who succeeds in living as he chooses behind the Iron Curtain. The story was inspired, he said, by a four-hour conversation he had with a man he met in a Communist country.

In 1988 Michele Field, an interviewer for *Publishers Weekly*, described Bruce as having "the preppie good looks of Robert Redford and the luminous blue eyes of a possum" and as being "both likeable and voluble." At that time he was living with his wife, the former Elizabeth Chanler, an American whom he met while working at Sotheby's and married in 1965, at their home in Oxfordshire, England. Michele Field noted something that I recognized as purely Bruce Chatwin: "Shunning word processors and typewriters, Chatwin writes in longhand on yellow legal pads."

Another of Bruce's close friends, American writer David Plante, said, "Bruce almost seemed to lack a self at times, no matter how impressive he was, because he became a reflection of so many personalities." I found this statement to be most astutely correct. I remember once sitting next to Bruce on the banks of the slow-running Green River, tossing little stones into the water and talking banally about things of small consequence, when, after a protracted period of quiet, he turned to me and said, quite as serious as I had ever seen him, "Tell me, my friend, do you think there is any danger that writers such as ourselves may somehow lose our own identities because we live so much vicariously through others?" It was a real concern to him. Or was it just

another of his flights of fancy? With Bruce you never could be sure.

David Plante told of an instance when, in London, he went with Bruce to a gay disco called Heaven. Bothered by the loud music, Plante said he would leave after an hour or so, but Bruce said with laugh that he thought he would stay and pick someone up. With Bruce you never could be sure.

Bruce Chatwin was a paradox of isms, a complex, complicated genius of contradictions. Just when you thought you had mastered the maze and found his center, he changed, and you wondered if you had ever known him at all. He seemed to want it that way, as if when you discovered who he really was, you might not find him so appealing or appreciate him as much.

He hated Greece and wasted no opportunity to say so. Plante met him in the walled town of Lucca, in Tuscany, Italy, on his way to Greece. Yet he told Plante, "I don't know about Greeks—and I have very, very little interest in Greece, and that only during the month of February." In Greece he went to the monastery on Mount Athos, the sacred mountain where no women are allowed. When he returned to London, all he said to Plante about Mount Athos was: "My dear, those priests!"

Shortly thereafter he made an unexplained trip to the United States. Maybe he tried to locate me. I like to allow myself to think so. When he returned he was deathly ill. His friend Kasmin, who operates a gallery in Cork Street, London, said, "The last time I saw Bruce, I helped him walk, a few pathetic steps, as he leaned on me. And this is my great traveling chum." To reporters he said that during a trip to western China in the early 1980s he had contracted a rare and debilitating bone marrow disease that he got from inhaling the dust of bat dung in a cave. He elaborated the story by saying that the disease was so rare it was known only to have attacked a few Chinamen and a beached whale, all of whom died. He dismissed with the comment, "hazards of travel—rather an alarming one."

In actual fact, Bruce had AIDS. During his final illness he was confined to a wheelchair. He died in a hospital in Nice, France, in January 1989. After his death *What Am I Doing Here?*, a collection of his essays, was published by Viking Press.

During my incarceration I thought of contacting Bruce a couple of times but procrastinated for one reason or another. Then in October my wife, Lisa, read a review

of one of Bruce's books to me over the telephone. I listened attentively, happy for his success, when near the end of the piece, I thought I heard something and asked my wife to read it again. There it was—reference to "the late Bruce Chatwin." Bruce was dead! I have not been the same since.

Often enough I have heard others refer to friends of theirs who died of AIDS and, like most, thought little of it. Now I have a friend who died of AIDS. Now it's personal!

It was only after his death in 1989 that it was learned even by his closest friends that he had been guarding another secret. He claimed to have had some sort of vision on Mount Athos, and shortly thereafter he had converted to the Greek Orthodox religion, telling no one. According to his final wishes, he was given a funeral service in the Greek Orthodox Church in Moscow Road, London.

In October my compassionate and understanding wife brought me the complete works of my late friend. I am looking forward to spending a little time with him.

I remember his words to an interviewer shortly before his death. "As you go along," he said, "you literally collect places. I'm fed up with going to places. I shan't go anymore." I can't help but think, rather, that in death Bruce made one last journey—perhaps the greatest of his career. You made it, Bruce, my dear old friend—you made it. Now you have become the ultimate nomad.

IN MEMORIUM BRUCE CHATWIN 1940 - 1989

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